THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
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Beginning **THE EAGLE'S SHADOW**

BY JAMES BRANCH CABELL

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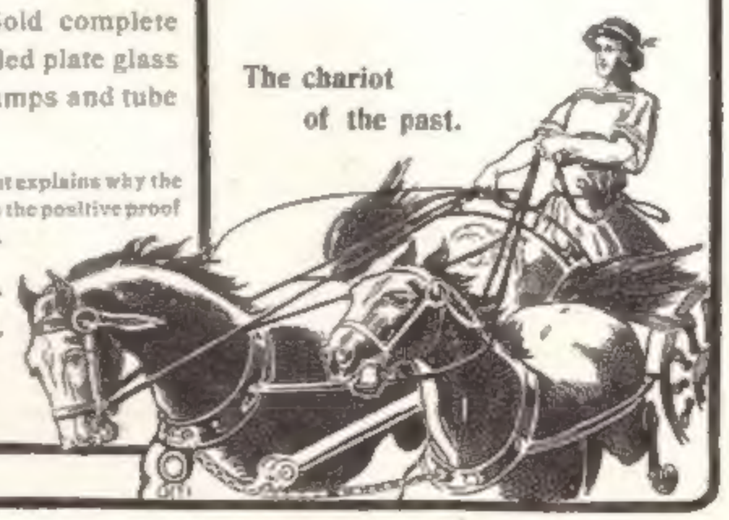
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THE EAGLE'S SHADOW

By James Branch Cabell

I

THIS is the story of Margaret Hugonin and of the Eagle; and, with your permission, we will for the present defer all consideration of the bird, and devote our unqualified attention to Margaret.

I have always esteemed Margaret the obvious, sensible, most appropriate name that can be bestowed upon a girl child, for it is a name that fits a woman—any woman—as neatly as her proper size in gloves.

Yes, the first point I wish to make is that a woman child, once baptized Margaret, is thereby insured of a suitable name. Be she grave or gay in after life, wanton or pious or sullen, comely or otherwise, there will be no possible chance of incongruity; whether she develop a taste for winter gardens or the higher mathematics, whether she take to golf or clinging organdies, the event is provided for. One has only to consider for a moment, and if among a choice of Madge, Marjorie, Meta, Maggie, Margherita, Peggy and Gretchen, and countless others—if among all these he cannot find a name that suits her to a T—why, then, the case is indeed desperate, and he may permissibly fall back upon Madam or—if the cat jump propitiously, and at his own peril—on Darling or Sweetheart.

The second proof that this name must be the best of all possible names is that Margaret Hugonin bore it. And so the murder is out. You may suspect what you choose. I warn you in advance that I have no part whatever in her story; and if my admiration for her given name appear somewhat excessive I can only protest that in this dissentient world every one has a right to his own taste. I knew Margaret. I admired her. And if, in some unguarded moment, I may have carried my admiration to the point of indiscretion, her husband most assuredly knows all about it by this, and he and I are still the best of friends. So you perceive that if I ever did so far forget myself it could scarcely have amounted to a hanging matter.

. . . . . .

I am doubly sure that Margaret Hugonin was beautiful for the reason that I have never found a woman under forty-five who shared my opinion. If you clap a Testament into my hand I cannot affirm that women are eager to recognize beauty in one another; at the utmost they concede that this or that particular feature is well enough. But when a woman is clean-eyed and straight-limbed, and has a cheery heart, she really cannot help being beautiful; and when Nature accords her a sufficiency of dimples and an infectious laugh I protest she is well-nigh irresistible. And all these Margaret Hugonin had.

And surely that is enough.

I shall not endeavor, then, to picture her features to you in any nicely-picked words. Her chief charm was that she was Margaret.

And beside that mere carnal vanities are trivial things. A gray eye or so is not in the least to the purpose. Yet since it is the immemorial custom of writer folk to inventory such possessions of their heroines, here you have a catalogue of her personal attractions. Launce's method will serve our turn.

Imprimis, there was not very much of her—five feet three, at the most; and hers was the well-groomed, modern type that implies a grandfather or two and is in every respect the antithesis of that hulking Venus of the Louvre whom people pretend to admire. Item, she had blue eyes; and when she talked with you her head drooped forward a little, the frank, intent gaze of these eyes was very flattering and, in its ultimate effect, perilous, since it led you fatuously to believe that she had forgotten there were any other trousered beings extant. Later, you found this a decided error. Item, she had a quite incredible amount of yellow hair that was not in the least like gold or copper or bronze—I scorn the hackneyed similes of metallurgical poets—but a straightforward yellow, darkening at the roots; and she wore it low down on her neck in great coils that were held in place by a multitude of little golden hairpins and divers corpulent tortoise-shell ones. Item, her nose was a tiny miracle of perfection; and this was noteworthy, for you will observe that Nature, who is an adept at eyes and hair and mouths, very rarely achieves a creditable nose. Item, she had a mouth; and if you are a Gradgrindian, with a taste for hair-splitting, I cannot swear that it was a particularly small mouth. The lips were rather full than otherwise; one saw in them potentialities of heroic passion, and tenderness, and generosity, and, if you will, temper. No, her mouth was not in the least like the pink shoe-button of romance and sugared portraiture; it was manifestly designed less for simpering out of a gilt frame or the dribbling of stock phrases over three hundred pages than for gibes, and laughter, and cheery gossip, and honest, unromantic eating, as well as another purpose, which, as a highly dangerous topic, I decline even to mention.

There you have the best description of Margaret Hugonin that I am capable of giving you. No one realizes its glaring inadequacy more acutely than I.

Furthermore, I stipulate that if, in the progress of our comedy, she appear to act with an utter lack of reason or even common-sense—as every woman worth the winning must do once or twice in a lifetime—that I be permitted to record the fact, to set it down in all its ugliness, nay, even to exaggerate it a little—all to the end that I may eventually exasperate you and goad you into crying out, "Come, come, you are not treating the girl with common justice!"

For, if such a thing were possible, I should desire you to rival even me in a liking for Margaret Hugonin. And speaking for myself, I can assure you that I have come long ago to regard her faults with the same leniency that I accord my own.

II

WE BEGIN on a fine May morning, in Colonel Hugonin's rooms at Selwoode, which is, as you may or may not know, the Hugonins' country-place; and there discover the Colonel dawdling over his breakfast, in an intermediate stage of that careful toilet which enables him to pass casual inspection as turning forty-nine.

At present the old gentleman is discussing the members of his daughter's house-party. I omit, by your leave, a number of picturesque descriptive passages—for the Colonel is, on occasion, a man of unfettered speech—and come hastily to the conclusion, to the summing-up of the whole matter.

"Altogether," says Colonel Hugonin, "they strike me as being the most ungodly menagerie ever got together under one roof."

Now, I am sorry that veracity compels me to present the Colonel in this particular state of mind, for ordinarily he was as pleasant-spoken a gentleman as you will be apt to meet on the longest summer day.

You must make allowances for the fact that, on this especial morning, he was still suffering from a recent twinge of the gout, and that his toast was somewhat dryer than he liked it; and, most potent of all, that the foreign mail, just in, had caused him to rebel anew against the proprieties and his daughter's inclinations, which chained him to Selwoode, in the height of the full London season, to preside over a house-party every member of which he cordially disliked. Therefore the Colonel, having glanced through the well-known names of those at Lady Pevensey's last cotillon, groaned and glared at his daughter, who sat opposite him, and reviled his daughter's friends with point and fluency, and characterized them as above, for the reason that he was hungered at heart for the shady side of Pall Mall, and that their presence at Selwoode prevented his attaining this Elysium. For I am sorry to say that the Colonel loathed all things American, saving his daughter, whom he adored.

And, I think, no one who could have seen her preparing his second cup of tea would have disputed that in making this exception he acted with a show of reason. For Margaret Hugonin—but, as you know, she is our heroine, and, as I fear you have already learned, words are very paltry makeshifts when it comes to describing her. Let us simply say, then, that Margaret, his daughter, began to make him a cup of tea, and add that she laughed.

"IT'S NONSENSE," PURSUED THE OLD GENTLEMAN, "UTTER, BEDLAMITE NONSENSE"

Not unkindly; no, for at bottom she adored her father—a comely Englishman of some sixty-odd, who had run through his wife's fortune and his own in the most gallant fashion—and she accorded his opinions a conscientious but at times a sorely-taxed tolerance. That very month she had reached twenty-three, the age of omniscience, when the fallacies and general obtuseness of older people become dishearteningly apparent.

"It's nonsense," pursued the old gentleman, "utter, bedlamite nonsense, filling Selwoode up with writing people! Never heard of such a thing. Gad, I do remember, as a young man, meeting Thackeray at a garden-party at Orleans House—gentlemanly fellow with a broken nose—and Browning went about a bit, too, now I think of it. People had 'em one at a time to lend flavor to a dinner—like an olive. We didn't dine on olives, though. You have 'em for breakfast, luncheon, dinner and everything! I'm sick of olives, I tell you, Margaret!"

Margaret pouted.

"They ain't even good olives. I looked into one of that fellow Charteris' books the other day—that chap you had here last week. It was bally rot—proverbs standing on their heads and grinning like dwarfs in a condemned street-fair! Who wants to be told that impropriety is the spice of life and that a roving eye gathers remorse? *You* may call that sort of thing cleverness, if you like; I call it d——d foolishness." And the emphasis with which he said this left no doubt that the Colonel spoke his honest opinion.

"Attractive," said his daughter patiently, "Mr. Charteris is very, very clever. Mr. Kennaston says literature suffered a considerable loss when he began to write for the magazines."

And now that Margaret has spoken, permit me to call your attention to her voice. Mellow and suave and of astonishing volume was Margaret's voice; it came not from the back of her throat, as most of our women's voices do, but from her chest; and I protest it had the timbre of a violin. Men, hearing her voice for the first time, were wont to stare at her a little and afterward to close their hands slowly, for always its modulations had the tonic sadness of distant music, and it thrilled you to much the same magnanimity and yearning, cloudily conceived; and yet you could not but smile in spite of yourself at the quaint emphasis fluttering through her speech and pouncing for the most part on the unlikeliest word in the whole sentence.

But I fancy the Colonel must have been tone-deaf. "Don't you make phrases for me!" he snorted; "you keep 'em for your menagerie! Think! By gad, the world never thinks. I believe the world deliberately reads the six best selling books in order to incapacitate itself for thinking." Then, his wrath gathering emphasis as he went on: "The longer I live the plainer I see Shakespeare was right—what fools these mortals be, and all that. There's that Haggage woman—speech-making through the country like a hiatused politician. It may be philanthropic, but it ain't ladylike—no, begad! What has she got to do with juvenile courts and child labor in the South, I'd like to know? Why ain't she at home attending to that crippled boy of hers—poor little beggar!—instead of flaunting through America meddling with other folks' children?"

Miss Hugonin put another lump of sugar into his cup and deigned no reply.

"By gad!" cried the Colonel fervently, "if you're so anxious to spend that money of yours in charity why don't you found a Day Nursery for the Children of Philanthropists—a place where advanced men and women can leave their offspring in capable hands when they're busied with mothers' meetings and educational conferences? It would do a thousand times more good, I can tell you, than that fresh kindergarten scheme of yours for teaching the children of the laboring classes to make a new sort of mud-pie."

"You don't understand these things, attractive," Margaret gently pointed out. "You aren't in harmony with the trend of modern thought."

"No, thank the Lord!" said the Colonel heartily.

Ensued a silence during which he chipped at his eggshell in an absent-minded fashion.

"That fellow Kennaston said anything to you yet?" he presently queried.

"I—I don't understand," she protested—oh, perfectly unconvincingly. The tea-making, too, engrossed her at this point to an utterly improbable extent.

Thus it shortly befell that the Colonel, still regarding her under intent brows, cleared his throat and made bold to question her generosity in the matter of sugar, five lumps being, as he suggested, a rather unusual allowance for one cup.

Then, "Mr. Kennaston and I are very good friends," said she with dignity. And having spoiled the first cup in the making, she began on another.

"Glad to hear it," growled the old gentleman. "I hope you value his friendship sufficiently not to marry him. The man's a fraud—a flimsy, sickening fraud, like his poetry, begad, and that's made up of botany and wide margins and indecency in about equal proportions. It ain't fit for a woman to read—in fact, a woman ought not to read anything; a comprehension of the Decalogue and the cookery-book is enough learning for the best of 'em. Your mother never—never——"

Colonel Hugonin paused and stared at the open window for a little. He seemed to be interested in something a great way off.

"We used to read Ouida's books together," he said, somewhat wistfully. "And how she did revel in Chandos and Bertie Cecil and those dashing Life Guardsmen! And she used to toss that little head of hers and say I was a finer

"BUT I DON'T WANT TO MARRY ANYBODY"

figure of a man than any of 'em—thirty years ago, that was. And I was then, but I ain't now. I'm only a broken-down, cantankerous old fool," declared the Colonel, blowing his nose violently, "and that's why I'm quarreling with the dearest, foolishest daughter man ever had. Ah, my dear, don't mind me—run your menagerie as you like, and I'll stand it."

Margaret adopted her usual tactics; she perched herself on the arm of his chair and began to stroke his cheek very gently. She often wondered as to what dear sort of a woman that tender-eyed, pink-cheeked mother of the old miniature had been—the mother who had died when she was two years old. She loved the idea of her, vague as it was. And, just now, somehow, the notion of two grown people reading Ouida did not strike her as being especially ridiculous.

"Was she very beautiful?" she asked softly.

"My dear," said her father, "you are the picture of her."

"You dangerous old man!" said she, laughing and rubbing her cheek against his in a manner that must have been highly agreeable; "dear, do you know that is the nicest little compliment I've had for a long time?"

Thereupon the Colonel chuckled. "Pay me for it, then," said he, "by driving the dog-cart over to meet Billy's train to-day. Eh?"

"I—I can't," said Miss Hugonin promptly.

"Why?" demanded her father.

"Because——" said Miss Hugonin; and after giving this really excellent reason, reflected for a moment and strengthened it by adding, "because——"

"See here," her father questioned, "what did you two quarrel about, anyway?"

"I—I really don't remember," said she reflectively; then continued, with hauteur and some inconsistency, "I am not aware that Mr. Woods and I have ever quarreled."

"By gad, then," said the Colonel, "you may as well prepare to, for I intend to marry you to Billy some day. Dear, dear, child," he interpolated, with malice aforethought, "have you a fever? Your cheek's like a coal. Billy's a man, I tell you—worth a dozen of your Kennastons and Charterises. I like Billy. And besides, it's only right he should have Selwoode—wasn't he brought up to expect it? It ain't right he should lose it simply because he had a quarrel with Frederick, for, by gad—not to speak unkindly of the dead, my dear—Frederick quarreled with every one he ever knew, from the woman who nursed him to the doctor who gave him his last pill. He may have got his genius for money-making from Heaven, but he certainly got his temper from the devil. I really believe," said the Colonel reflectively, "it was worse than mine. Yes, not a doubt of it—I'm a lamb in comparison. But he had his way, after all; and even now poor Billy can't get Selwoode without taking you with it," and he took his daughter's face between his hands and turned it toward his for a moment. "I wonder, now," said he in meditative wise, "if Billy will consider that a drawback?"

It seemed very improbable. Any number of marriageable males would have sworn it was unthinkable.

However, "Of course," Margaret began in a crisp voice, "if you advise Mr. Woods to marry me as a good speculation——"

But her father caught her up with a whistle. "Eh?" said he. "Love in a cottage?—is it thus the poet tunes his lay? That's nonsense! I tell you, even in a cottage the plumber's bill has to be paid, and the grocer's little account settled every month. Yes, by gad, and even if you elect to live on bread and cheese and kisses you'll find Camembert a bit more to your taste than Sweitzer."

"But I don't want to marry anybody, you ridiculous old dear," said Margaret.

"Oh, very well," said the old gentleman; "don't. Be an old maid and lecture before the mothers' club, if you like. I don't care. Anyhow, you meet Billy to-day at twelve-forty-five. You will?—that's a good child. Now, run along and tell the menagerie I'll be downstairs as soon as I've finished dressing."

And the Colonel rang for his man and proceeded to finish his toilet. He seemed a thought absent-minded this morning.

"I say, Wilkins," he questioned after a little, "ever read any of Ouida's books?"

"Ho, yes, sir," said Wilkins; "Miss 'Enderson—Mrs. 'Aggage's maid, that his, sir—was reading haloud hout hof Hunder Two Flags honly last hevening, sir."

"H'm—Wilkins—if you can run across one of them in the servants' quarters—you might leave it—by my bed—to-night."

"Yes, sir."

"And—h'm, Wilkins—you can put it under that book of Herbert Spencer's my daughter gave me yesterday. *Under* it, Wilkins—and, h'm, Wilkins—you needn't mention it to anybody. Ouida ain't cultured, Wilkins, but she's mighty good reading. I suppose that's why she ain't cultured, Wilkins."

III

AND now let us go back a little. In a word, let us utilize the next twenty minutes—during which Miss Hugonin drives to the neighboring railway station in, if you press me, not the most pleasant state of mind conceivable—by explaining a thought more fully the posture of affairs at Selwoode on the May morning that starts our story.

And to do this I must commence at the very beginning, with the foundation of Selwoode, and, chief of all, with the nature of the man who founded it.

It was when the nineteenth century was still a hearty octogenarian that Frederick R. Woods caused Selwoode to be builded. I give you the name by which he was known "on the Street." A mythology has grown about the name since, and strange legends of its owner are still narrated where brokers congregate. But with the lambs he sheared and the bulls he dragged to earth and the bears he gored to financial death we have nothing to do; suffice it that he performed these operations with almost uniform success and in an unimpeachably respectable manner.

And if, in his time, he added materially to the lists of inmates in various asylums and almshouses, it must be acknowledged that he bore his victims no malice, and that on every Sunday morning he confessed himself to be a miserable sinner, in a voice that was perfectly audible three pews off. At bottom I think he considered his relations with Heaven on a purely business basis; he kept a species of running account with Providence; and if, on occasions, he overdrew it somewhat he saw no incongruity in evening matters with a check for the church fund.

So that at his death it was said of him that he had, in his day, sent more men into bankruptcy and more missionaries into Africa than any other man in the country.

In his sixty-fifth year he caught Alfred Van Orden short in lard, erected a memorial window to his wife, and became a country gentleman. He never set foot in Wall Street again. He builded Selwoode—a handsome Tudor manor, which stands some seven miles from the village of Fairhaven—where he dwelt in state, by turns affable and domineering to the neighboring farmers, and evincing a grave interest in the condition of their crops. He no longer turned to the financial reports in the papers; and the pedigree of the Woodses hung in the living-hall for all men to see, beginning

gloriously with Woden, the Scandinavian god, and attaining a respectable culmination in the names of Frederick R. Woods and of William, his brother.

It is not to be supposed that he omitted to supply himself with a coat-of-arms. Frederick R. Woods evinced an almost childlike pride in his heraldic blazonings.

"The Woods arms," he would inform you with a relishing gusto, "are vert, an eagle displayed, barry argent and gules. And the crest is out of a ducal coronet, or a demi-eagle proper. We have no motto, sir—none of your ancient coats have mottoes."

The Woods Eagle he gloried in. The bird was perched in every available nook at Selwoode; it was carved in the woodwork, was set in the mosaics, was chased in the tableware, was woven in the napery, was glazed in the very china. Turn where you would, an eagle or two confronted you; and Hunston Wyke, who is accounted something of a wit, swore that Frederick R. Woods at Selwoode reminded him of "a sore-headed bear who had taken up permanent quarters in an aviary."

There was one, however, who found the bear no very untractable monster. This was the son of his brother, dead now, who dwelt at Selwoode as heir presumptive. Frederick R. Woods' wife had died long ago, leaving him childless. His brother's boy was an orphan; and so, for a time, he and the grim old man lived together peaceably enough. Indeed, Billy Woods was in those days as fine a lad as you would wish to see, with the eyes of an inquisitive cherub and a big towhead, which Frederick R. Woods fell into the habit of cuffing heartily, in order to conceal the fact that he would have burned Selwoode to the ground rather than allow any one else to injure a hair of it.

In the consummation of time, Billy, having attained the ripe age of eighteen, announced to his uncle that he intended to become a famous painter. Frederick R. Woods exhorted him not to be a fool, and packed him off to college.

. . . . . .

Billy Woods returned on his first vacation with a rudimentary mustache and any quantity of paint-tubes, canvases, palettes, mahl-sticks and suchlike paraphernalia. Frederick R. Woods passed over the mustache, and had the painters' trappings burned by the second footman. Billy promptly purchased another lot. His uncle came upon them one morning, rubbed his chin meditatively for a moment, and laughed for the first time, so far as known, in his lifetime; then he tiptoed to his own apartments lest Billy—the lazy young rascal was still abed in the next room—should awaken and discover his knowledge of this act of flat rebellion.

I dare say the old gentleman was so completely accustomed to having his own way that this unlooked-for opposition tickled him by its novelty; or perhaps he recognized in Billy an obstinacy akin to his own; or perhaps it was merely that he loved the boy. In any event, he never again alluded to the subject; and it is a fact that when Billy sent for carpenters to convert an upper room into an atelier, Frederick R. Woods spent two long and dreary weeks in Boston, in order to remain in ignorance of the entire affair.

Billy scrambled through college, somehow, in the allotted four years. At the end of that time he returned to find new inmates installed at Selwoode. For the wife of Frederick R. Woods had been before her marriage one of the beautiful Anstruther sisters, who, as certain New Yorkers still remember—those grizzled, portly, rosy-gilled fellows who prattle on provocation of Jenny Lind and Castle Garden, and remember everything—created a pronounced furore at their début in the days of crinoline and the Grecian bend; and Margaret Anstruther, as they will tell you, was married to Thomas Hugonin, then a gallant cavalry officer in the service of her Majesty the Empress of India.

And she must have been the nicer of the two, because everybody who knew her says that Margaret Hugonin is exactly like her.

So it came about, naturally enough, that Billy Woods, now an *Artium Baccalaureus*, if you please, and not a little proud of it, found the Colonel and his daughter, then on a visit to this country, installed at Selwoode as guests and quasi-relatives. And Billy was twenty-two and Margaret was nineteen.

. . . . . .

Precisely what happened I am unable to tell you. Billy Woods claims it is none of my business; and Margaret says that it was a long, long time ago, and she really can't remember.

But I fancy we can all form a very fair notion of what is most likely to occur when two sensible, normal, healthy young people are thrown together in this intimate fashion at a country-house where the remaining company consists of two elderly gentlemen. Billy was forced to be polite to his uncle's guest; and Margaret couldn't well be discourteous to her host's nephew, could she? Of course not: so it befell in the course of time that Frederick R. Woods and the Colonel—who had quickly become a great favorite, by virtue of his implicit faith in the Eagle and in Woden and Sir Percival de Wode, of Hastings, and suchlike flights of heraldic fancy, and had augmented his popularity by his really brilliant suggestion of Wynkyn de Worde, the famous sixteenth century printer, as a probable collateral relation of the family—it came to pass, I say, that the two gentlemen nodded over their port and chuckled, and winked at one another, and agreed that the thing would do.

This was all very well; but they failed to make allowance for the inevitable quarrel and the subsequent spectacle of the gentleman contemplating suicide and the lady looking wistfully toward a nunnery. In this case it arose, I believe, over Teddy Anstruther, who, for a cousin, was undeniably very attentive to Margaret; and, in the natural course of events, they would have made it up before the week was out had not Frederick R. Woods selected this very moment to interfere in the matter.

Ah, *si vieillesse savait!*

The blundering old man summoned Billy into his study and ordered him to marry Margaret Hugonin, precisely as the Colonel might have ordered a private to go on sentry-duty. Ten days earlier Billy would have jumped at the chance; ten days later he would probably have suggested it himself; but at that exact moment he would have as willingly contemplated matrimony with Alecto or Medusa or any of the Furies. Accordingly he declined. Frederick R. Woods flew into a pyrotechnical display of temper and gave him his choice between obeying his commands and leaving his house forever—the choice, in fact, that he had been according Billy at very brief intervals ever since the boy had the measles, fifteen years before, and refused to take the proper medicines.

It was merely his usual manner of expressing a request or a suggestion. But this time, to his utter horror, the boy took him at his word and left Selwoode within the hour.

(Continued on Page 22)

A Night's Enchantment

The Adventure of the Lady in the Closed Carriage

By HAROLD MacGRATH

Author of The Puppet Crown

I

SO MUCH depended upon every one's utter lack of nervousness and embarrassment that Shaw, the stage manager, decided that my presence at the final rehearsal would only add to the tension, and was therefore unnecessary. The "star" complained that her efforts to interpret my lines to my satisfaction were wearing her thin, while the "leading man" declared that he could not enter naturally into the spirit of the comedy so long as he knew that I was watching from across the front. To tell the truth, I was not unagreeable. There were many things that I wanted to change, and I knew that if I once got headway I should have to write the play all over; and that was not in the contract. My room was better than my company. So Shaw gave me a card to The Players and left me there in the care of a distinguished fellow-dramatist.

We had a capital dinner, and our exchange of experiences would have made a book equal in length to the Revelations. What a time a fellow has to get a manager to listen to a better play than he has yet produced! I'm afraid that we said many uncomplimentary things about actors in general and managers in particular. The actor always had his own idea, the manager had his, and between them the man who wrote the play was pretty well knocked about. But when the play is produced every one's idea proves of some use, so I find.

Notwithstanding the good dinner and the interesting conversation, I found myself glancing constantly at my watch or at the clock, thinking that at such and such a time to-morrow night my puppets would be uttering such and such a line, perhaps as I wanted them to utter it, perhaps as they wanted to utter it. It did not matter that I had written two successful novels and a popular comedy; I was still subject to spells of diffidence and greenness. A great deal depended upon this second effort; it was, or it was not, to establish me in New York as a playwright of the first order.

I played a game of billiards indifferently well, peered into Booth's room and evoked his kindly spirit to watch over my future, smoked incessantly, and waited impatiently for Shaw's promised telephone call. The call came at ten-thirty, and Shaw said that three acts had gone off superbly and that everything pointed to a big success. My spirits rose wonderfully. I had as yet never experienced the thrill of a curtain call, my first play having been produced while I was abroad.

I FELT MY HEART STOP AND THEN THROB VIOLENTLY

If they called me before the curtain my cup was full; there was nothing left in the world but to make money, all other thrills having come and departed. All at once I became determined to run uptown to the theatre and steal in to see the last act. So I called for my hat and coat, apologized to my friend, and went forth into the night—and romance!

Gramercy Park is always still at night, quiet even in the very heart of turmoil. Only an indefinable murmur drifted over from the crowded life of Broadway. I was conning over some lines I thought fine, epigrams and fragmentary philosophy.

"Hurry! We have only half an hour!"

The voice, soft and musical, broke the silence ere my foot had left the last step. Amazed, I looked in the direction from whence came this symphony of vocal allurement. A handsome coupé, with groom and footman, stood at the curb. A woman in evening gown leaned out. I stopped and stared. The footman at the door touched his hat. I gazed over my shoulder to see if any one had come out of the club at the same time as myself. I was alone.

"Hurry! I have waited at least half an hour. We haven't a moment to waste."

Some one in the upper rooms of the club lifted a shade to open a window, and the light illuminated her features. She was young and very handsome. A French wit once said that the whisper of a beautiful woman can be heard farther than the loudest call of duty. Now, I honestly confess that if she had been homely, or even moderately good-looking, I should have politely explained to her that she had made a peculiar mistake. I was somebody else. As it was, with scarce any hesitation I stepped into the carriage, and the footman closed the door. To this day I cannot analyze the impulse that led me into that carriage: Fate in the guise of mischief, destiny in the motley and out for a lark, I know not which, nor care.

"I am sorry to have kept you waiting," said I.

"I thought that you would never come."

Thought I would never come? The coupé started off at a rate likely to bring us under the vigilant eyes of the police. We pared the corner neatly and swung into Broadway, going uptown. The theatres were emptying, and here and there the way was choked with struggling cabs; but our driver knew his business, and we were never delayed more than a moment. Not another word was spoken till we reached Thirty-fourth Street. I was silent, having nothing to say.

"One after another they came out. I thought that you would never, never come. I had all I could do to keep from going into the club after you!" She tore off her long, white gloves and flung them (savagely, I thought) on the seat opposite.

Going into the club after me? Heavens! What a scandal I had escaped. What the deuce was it all about, anyway? Who was I? What was expected of me? My nerve lost a particle of its strength, but I could not back out now. It was too late. I was in for some sort of excitement. I had always been skeptical about mistaken identity. This was to be my conversion.

"You will never forgive me, I know, for waiting outside a club for you." She snuggled over to her side of the carriage.

"Yes, I will!" I replied with alacrity. Who wouldn't forgive her? I moved closer.

The blue light of the arc-lamps flashed into the window at frequent intervals. Each time I noted her face as best I could. It was as beautifully cut as a Cellini cameo, and as pale as ivory under friction. You will laugh. "They are always beautiful," you will say. Well, who ever heard of a homely woman going a-venturing? Besides, as I remarked, it wouldn't have been an adventure if she had been homely, for I shouldn't have entered the carriage. To be sure, I was proving myself to be a cad for not enlightening her as to her error in the matter of identification; but I was human and young, and rather fond of my Stevenson, and this had all the charm and quality of the New Arabian Nights.

"It is all so terrible!" Her voice was tense; there was a note of agony in it that was real. She was balling her handkerchief, and I could see that her fingers were long and white and without jewels, though I caught the intermittent glimmer of a fine necklace circling an adorable throat. What a fine chance for a rascal!

I wondered if she would have me arrested when she found out? Was I married, single, a brother, a near friend? What the deuce was her trouble? Ought I to kiss her? My double was a fortunate duffer. How I envied him!

"Women are so silly sometimes. I do not know why I was dragged into this," she said.

Dragged into what? Had a crime been committed, or had some one run away with another man's wife? Heavens! we might be eloping and I not know anything about it! I shivered, not with fear, but with a strange elation.

"How could I have done it? How could I? Terrible!"

"It must be," I admitted readily. No, a woman does not elope in her ball gown. Perhaps we were going after the trunks.

"To think that he would force me into a thing like this!" vehemently.

"I see that there is nothing left for me to do but to punch his head." I thought this was getting on famously.

She gave me a swift, curious glance.

"Oh, I am brave enough," said I. I wondered if she had noticed that I was a passably good-looking man, as men go.

"What is done is done," wearily. "Retrospection will do us no good."

"What do you wish me to do?" I asked presently.

It was like writing a composite novel, no one knowing what the other chapters were about. I had already forgotten that I had written a play which was to be produced the following night; I forgot everything but the potent charm of the mystery which sat beside me and which I was determined to unravel, as they say in detective stories.

"What do you wish me to do?" I repeated.

"I will tell you when the time comes. For your own sake, be advised by me and do nothing rash. You are so impulsive."

For my own sake do nothing rash: I was so impulsive! My hand wandered toward the door-latch, and fell. No! I would stick it out, whatever happened.

"You are not afraid, are you?" she asked.

"Afraid of what?" adroitly.

"I was right in waiting for you," simply.

Maybe; that remained to be seen.

We crossed under the Sixth Avenue "L," and the roar of a passing train silenced us for a time. Who was I, anyway? Where were we going? Why didn't she call me by some first name? So far she hadn't given me a clew to anything. An idea came to me.

"Are you wise in taking me there to-night?" I asked. This was very cunning of me.

She coughed slightly and peered from the window. "Ten blocks more! Oh, if only we dared go faster, faster, and have it all over with!"

"A policeman would delay us no inconsiderable time," I cautioned. "And think of its being reported in the papers! That wouldn't help matters. They are bad enough as they are." Doubtless they were!

She said nothing.

"Courage, courage," I said; "all will end well." At least I sincerely hoped it would end well. I reached over and touched her hand. She withdrew that member of an exquisite anatomy as suddenly as if my touch had stung her. Once more I found myself in a maze. Evidently, whoever I was, I did not stand on such terms with her as to be allowed the happiness of holding her hand. And I had almost kissed her!

Then a horrible thought scorched me. I had more than a thousand dollars in my wallet. I snuggled over to my side of the carriage. The newspapers were teeming with stories of new bunco games, and this might be one of the classics of getting rich quick on other people's money. I slyly buttoned up my coat. Anyhow, it was chilly.

On, on we rolled; light after light flashed into the window, gloom followed gloom.

More than a thousand dollars was a large sum for an author to be carrying about; and if the exploit turned out to be a police affair I might be seriously questioned as to how an author came by so large a sum. Yet, as I thought of her necklace, I felt my cheeks grow red with shame. It's so hard to doubt a beautiful young woman! Still, the jewels might not be real. There were many false gems in New York, animate and inanimate. If her jewels were genuine two years' royalties would not have purchased the pear-shaped pearl pendant that gleamed at her throat. If she really was an adventuress she was of a new type, and worth studying from the dramatist's point of view. Had she really mistaken me? Quite accidentally I touched her cloak. It was of Persian lamb. Hang it, adventuresses didn't go around in Persian lamb: not in New York. Ha! I had it. I would find out what she was.

I leaned over quickly and kissed her cheek. There was not a sound, only I felt her shudder. She wiped with her handkerchief the spot my lips had touched. I was a cad and a wretch. When she did speak her tones were even and low.

"I did not quite believe that of you."

"I could not help it!" I declared, ready to confess that I was an impostor; and as I look back I know that I told the truth when I said that I could not help it. I didn't care where the carriage went, nor what the end would be.

"And I trusted you!" The reproach was genuine.

I had nothing to say. My edifice of suspicions had suddenly tumbled about my ears.

"I am sorry; I have acted like a cad. I am one," I said finally.

"I was helpless. One after another the men we trust fail us."

"Madam, I am a wretch. I am not the gentleman you have taken me to be. I have had the misfortune to resemble another gentleman."

"I never saw you before in all my life, nor any person that resembles you."

I gasped. This was what the old dramatists called a thunderbolt from Heaven. I felt for my wallet; it was still in my pocket. Inconsistently I grew angry.

"Then, what the devil——!"

"Do not add profanity to ill-manners," she interposed. "Perhaps I have no right to complain. There is the door, sir; you have but to press the button, stop the driver, and get out. I am in a terribly embarrassing position to-night, one which my own folly has brought me to. It was absolutely necessary that a gentleman should accompany me in this carriage to my destination. When you came forth from your club—the only club the exact location of which I am familiar with—you appeared to be a gentleman, one I could trust to accompany me. To attract your attention, and at the same time arouse your curiosity, I had to resort to equivocal methods. It is an adventure, sir. Will you see it to the end, or shall I press the button?"

"Permit me to ask a question or two?" I was mightily confused at the turn of things.

"Perfect confidence in me, or I shall open the door."

"In any other city but New York——"

"Yes or no!" imperiously.

"Hang it, madam!"

Her hand went out toward the electric button.

"To the end of the world, and no questions asked."

Her hand dropped. "Thank you," gently.

"Curiosity is something we can't help; otherwise I should not be here, ass that I am. Chivalry isn't all dead. If you are in trouble depend upon me; only I must be back in New York by to-morrow night."

"You will not leave the city. You have no fear?"

"I should not be here else."

"Oh, but you must be imagining all sorts of terrible things."

"I am doing some thinking, I'll admit. How easily a woman can make a fool of a man!"

"Sometimes."

"I am a shining example. How you must have laughed at me! A pretty woman has more power over a man's destiny than all the signs of the Zodiac put together. And it's natural that he should want to kiss her. Isn't it?"

"I am not a man."

"A saint would have tripped. Put yourself in my place——"

"Thank you; I am perfectly satisfied."

"A beautiful woman asks me to enter her carriage——"

"And, thinking that I had mistaken you for some one I knew, you kissed me!" derisively.

"I wished to learn where I stood in your affections."

"A very interesting method of procedure!"

"And when I touched your hand you acted as if mine had stung you."

"It did."

"There's no getting around that," resignedly. "Shall I tell you frankly what I at one time took you to be?"

"If it will relieve your mind."

"Well, I believed you to be some classic adventuress."

"And you are sure that I am not?"

"Positive now. You see, I have considerable money on my person."

"Wouldn't it be wise for you to hand it over to some policeman to keep for you till to-morrow? Do not take any unnecessary risks. You do not dream into what I am leading you."

The carriage suddenly stopped.

"The journey is at an end," she said.

"So soon?"

A moment later the door opened, and I stepped out to assist her to alight. She waved me aside. We stood in front of some millionaire's palace. It was golden with illumination. Was it a wedding and was I to be a witness? Or was some one making his will? Perhaps it was only a ball or a reception. I stopped my cogitations. What was the use of asking myself questions? I should soon know all.

"Follow me," she said, as she lightly mounted the steps. I followed. . . . Here, in New York, the most unromantic city in all the wide world! I was suddenly seized with nervousness and a partial failure of the cardiac organs to perform their usual functions.

She turned to me. "There is yet time."

"Time for what?"

"Time to run."

"There was a moment. . . . Lead on," quietly. I thought of the young man with the cream tarts.

She touched a bell, and the door opened, admitting us into the hall. A servant took our belongings.

"Dinner is served, miss," said the servant, eying me curiously, even suspiciously.

It appeared that I was to dine! What the deuce did it all mean? A dinner at supper-time! A very distressing thought flashed through my mind. Supposing she had known me all along, and had lured me here to witness some amateur performance. I shuddered. I flattered myself. There was no amateur performance, as presently you shall see. I followed her into the dining-room. Fortunately, I was in evening dress. I should at least be presentable, and as cool as any man in the room. Comedy or tragedy, or whatever it was going to be, I determined to show that I had good blood in me, even though I had been played for a fool.

Around a table covered with exquisite linen, silver and glass sat a party of elegantly-dressed men and women. At the sight of us the guests rose confusedly and made toward us with shouts of laughter, inquiry and admiration. They gathered round my companion and plied her with a hundred questions, occasionally stealing a glance at me. I saw at once that I stood among a party of ultra-smart people. Somehow I felt that I represented a part in their mad pastimes.

"Where did you find him?" cried one.

"Was it difficult?" asked another.

"I'll wager he didn't need much urging!" roared a gentleman with a rubicund nose.

"He is positively good-looking!" said one woman, eying me boldly.

I bowed ironically, and she looked at her neighbor as if to say: "Why, the animal understands what I say!"

"My friends," said the girl, waving her hand toward me, "I have paid my detestable forfeit." Her tones did not bespeak any particular enjoyment.

A wager! I stood alone, my face burning with chagrin. I could feel my ears growing, like the very ass that I was. A wager!

"To table!" cried the gentleman with the rubicund nose. Evidently he was host. "We must have the story in full. It certainly must be worth telling. The girl has brought home a gentleman, I'm hanged!"

The guests resumed their chairs noisily.

The girl faced me, and for a space it was a battle of the eyes.

"Will you do me the honor?" she said half-mockingly, nodding toward the only vacant chairs at the table.

"Would it not be wise for me to go at once?" I asked quietly.

"If you do not sit at the table with me I lose. But please yourself," wearily. "It has all been very distasteful to me."

"I will stay to the bitter end. My conceit and assurance need a drubbing." I offered her my arm. All eyes were centred upon us. She hesitated. "We might as well go through this ordeal in a proper spirit and manner," I said. I rather believe I puzzled her.

She flushed slightly, but laid her hand on my arm, and together we walked over to the vacant chairs and sat down. The laughter and hum of voices ceased instantly.

In faith, I was becoming amused. They were going to have their fun with me; well, two could play at that game.

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THE host rose, and, leaning on his finger-tips, he addressed me: "Sir, all this doubtless strikes you as rather extraordinary."

"Very extraordinary," I replied.

"To dine under such circumstances is not accorded to every man."

"To which do you refer: the honor or the *modus operandi?*"

"Both. Now, an explanation is due you."

"So I observe," gravely.

"The pleasure is mine. To begin with, permit me to introduce you to my guests." One by one he named them, the ladies and gentlemen. I had heard of them all. Money had made them famous. "As for myself, I am Daniel Ainsworth; this is my home. I dare say that you have heard of me."

"I have won money on your horses, sir," with all the gravity of expression I found possible to assume.

My remark was greeted with laughter.

My host, composing his lips, resumed. "And now, sir, whom have I the honor to address?"

"I am the author of many a famous poem," tranquilly.

"Ah!"

"Yes; Anonymous. Sir, my name would mean nothing to you or your guests: I am poor."

There was a note of admiration in the girl's eyes as she turned her head. "Besides," I went on, "I want a little revenge."

"Good!" bawled my host; "good! You're a man of kidney, sir. A gentleman is always a gentleman; and I do not need to look at you twice, sir, to note that my niece's choice has been a happy one."

"You have not introduced me to your niece," said I, "who is, next to myself, the most important guest at the table."

"Hang me! The young lady at your side is Miss Helen Berkeley, the best horsewoman in the State, if I do say so myself."

Great applause, as they say in the press gallery. I looked squarely at the girl, but she was busy turning round her empty wineglass.

"I appreciate the honor, sir," I said; "but now will you favor me with the *modus operandi*, or, to be particular, the reason of all this mystery?"

"I approach that at once. This is leap year, as you will recollect. On January 1 I gave a leap-year party, and in the spirit of fun each lady present declared her intention of bringing to a series of late dinners a gentleman whom none of us knew, either by sight or by reputation. He was to be lured into a carriage by some story or other, and was not to know the true state of things till he sat at the table. My niece was the last on the list. Those who backed down were to give a house-party of a week's length. Women detest house-parties, and that is the one reason why this comedy has gone down the line without a failure. This is the eighth dinner. Each lady present has fulfilled her obligation to the year. We have had some curious specimens of humanity: a barber, a mild lunatic, a detective who thought he was on the trail of some terrible crime, an actor, a political reformer, and an English groom who palmed himself off as a lord. The actor and yourself, sir, are the only men who seemed to possess any knowledge of the various uses of dinner forks."

"You haven't seen me eat yet," I interpolated. All this was highly amusing to me. I was less a victim than a spectator.

"You will do us the honor of permitting us to criticise your knowledge of the forks," laughed Ainsworth. "Now, Nell, tell us how you lured Mr. Anonymous into your carriage."

Very quietly she recounted the tale. She omitted but one incident.

"In front of a club!" cried the ladies in unison. "Why in the world didn't we think of that?"

"Miss Berkeley has omitted one thing," said I maliciously.

"And, pray, what?" asked Miss Berkeley's uncle.

"Remember," she whispered, "you are supposed to be a gentleman."

I took umbrage at the word "supposed."

"Miss Berkeley must tell you what she has omitted in the course of her narrative."

"And I refuse to tell."

"Hang it, Nell, I'll wager Mr. Anonymous kissed you!" cried her uncle.

"Caught!" cried one of the ladies.

"Allow me a word," I interposed. I was already sorry. "There was a method in my action which must not be misconstrued. I believed, for a moment, that Miss Berkeley might be a new species of bunco-steerer. If she objected noisily to my salute I should find my case proved; if she cried I was wrong."

"And?"

"She did neither. She rubbed her cheek."

"I'll warrant!" my host bawled. "Oh, this is rich, rich! A bunco-steerer!"

"Miss Berkeley," I whispered, "we are quits."

"Not yet," ominously.

It was almost time for me to go!

"I was going to ask your pardon," said the uncle in his hunter-voice; "but I think that you have been paid for your trouble. Is there anything you would like?"

"Three things, sir."

"And these?" he asked, while every one looked curiously at me. I was still an unknown quantity.

"My hat, my coat, and the way to the door, for I presume that you have no further use for me."

"HE IS POSITIVELY GOOD LOOKING," SAID ONE WOMAN, EYING ME BOLDLY

My reply appealed to the guests as monstrous funny. It was some time ere the laughter subsided. My host seemed threatened with an attack of apoplexy.

"My dear sir," said he, "I beg of you to remain, not as a source of our merriment, but as the chief guest of honor. I believe you have won that place."

I turned to Miss Berkeley. "Do you bid me remain?"

Silence.

I placed my hand on the back of my chair, preparatory to sliding it from under me. She stayed me.

"Do not go," lowly. "I haven't had my revenge."

I sat down. I was curious to learn what color this revenge was going to take. "Mr. Ainsworth, my compliments!" raising my glass, being very careful not to touch the contents.

"Bully!" cried my host, thumping the table with his fist. "James, a dozen bottles of '96. There's a gentleman," nodding to those nearest him; "you can tell 'em a mile off. A little shy of strangers," humorously falling into horse-talk, "but he's money coming down the home-stretch."

Then everybody began to talk at once, and I knew that the dinner proper was on the way.

"Aren't you just a little above such escapades as this?" I asked of the girl.

"Do not make me any more uncomfortable than I am," she begged. "But having gone into it I had too much courage to back down."

"The true courage would have been to give the house-party."

"But men always insist upon your marrying them at house-parties."

"I see I have much to learn," meekly. "And the men are right."

"What an escape I have had!"

"Meaning house-parties, or that I am a gentleman?"

"If you had not been a gentleman! For, of course, you are, since my uncle has so dubbed you. If you had not been a gentleman!"

"If you had not been a lady! If you had been a bunco-steerer! And I do not know that you are not one still. Do you believe me, I kept my hand on my wallet pocket nearly all the time."

"I understood you to say that you were poor."

"Oh, I mean that I am too poor to hunt for excitement in bizarre things."

"Confess that you look upon me with a frank contempt!" imperiously.

"Never!"

"That in your secret mind you write me down a silly fool."

"Allow me to quote Dogberry—'Masters, remember that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass!' Thus, I may not call you a fool. Besides, it would be very impolite."

"You neither eat nor drink. Why?"

"I demand to retain some of my self-respect."

She leaned on her elbows, her chin in her palms. She had wonderful eyes, and for as long a time as a minute these eyes impaled me on barbs of light. "You must think us a pack of fools."

"Oh, indeed, no; only rich."

"That is almost an epigram," warningly. "You will lead me to believe that you belong to smart society in some provincial town."

"Heaven forfend!" earnestly.

"But speak all the thought. Nothing prevents truth from either of us tonight."

"All of what thought?"

"We are not fools, only rich."

"Well, I lower the bucket, then; and if I can bring truth to the top of the well you will promise not to blush on beholding her?"

"I promise."

"It is maddening and unhealthy to be rich and idle. The rich and idle do such seemingly impossible things in the wild effort to pass away the dragging hours. Society is not made up of fools: rather knaves and madmen. Money and idleness result in a mild attack of insanity."

"Thanks."

"You are welcome. Shall I lower truth along with the butter of flattery?"

"You may lower the butter of flattery. So that is how the great public looks upon us?"

"Yes, in a way; while it envies you."

"I have always been rich. What is poverty like?"

"It is comparative."

"It must be horrid."

"Poverty is ugly only when man himself is the cause of it."

"Another epigram. I have always been under my uncle's care," with the slightest droop of the lips.

"Ah! His knowledge ends at the stable and begins at the table: horses and vintages. If a woman had crossed his path he would have been a great man."

"Poor Uncle Dan! To him I am his favorite filly, and he has put huge sums on me to win the ducal race. Everybody says that I'm to marry the Duke of Roxclift."

"And you?" I do not know why my heart sank a little as I put this question.

"I? Oh, I'm going to balk at the quarter and throw the race. To-night, what would you have done in my place?"

"Hailed a gentleman exactly like myself."

She dallied with a rose, brushing it across her lips. "I do not know why I desire your good opinion. Perhaps it's the novelty of sitting beside a man who does not believe in flattery."

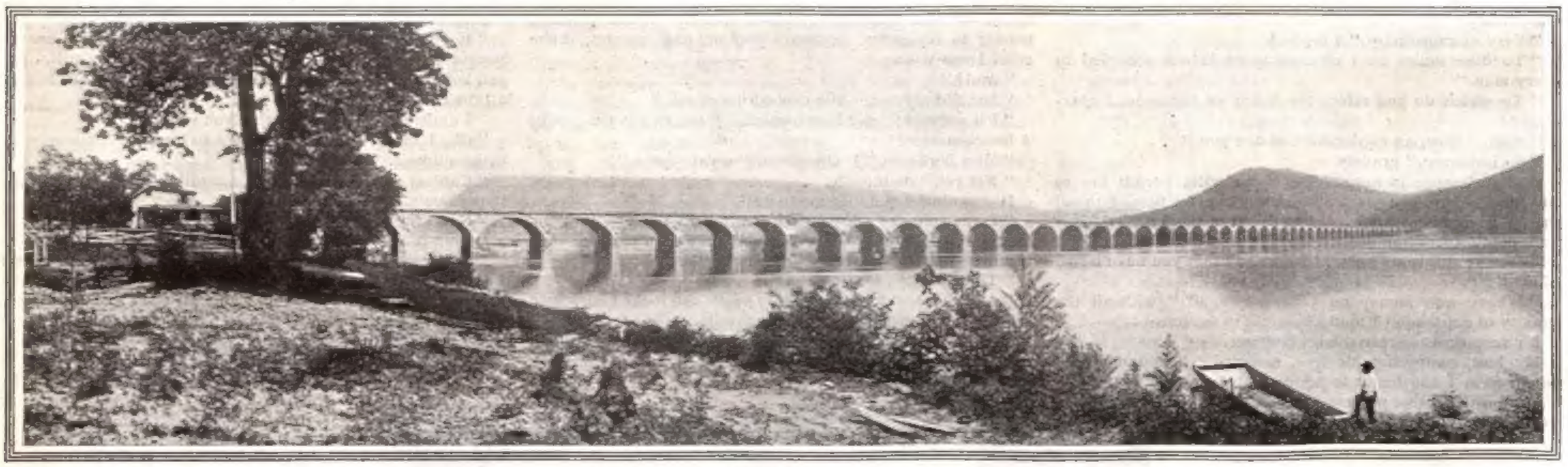
"Flattery is a truth that is not true. I think you are charming, beautiful, engaging, enchanting, mystifying. I can think of no other adjectives."

"If flattery is a truth that is not true, then all your pretty adjectives mean nothing."

"Oh, but I do not flatter you. Men flatter homely women: homely women who are rich and easily hoodwinked. What I have offered you in the line of decorative adjectives your mirror has already told you time and time again. If I said that you were witty, scholarly, scientific, vastly and highly intellectual, not knowing you any better than I do, that would be flattery. Do you grasp the point?"

(Concluded on Page 23)

The Pennsylvania System



A FOUR-TRACK BRIDGE OF MONOLITHIC STONE, SEVEN-EIGHTHS OF A MILE LONG, ACROSS THE SUSQUEHANNA

An Arterial System that Springs from the Industrial Heart of the Country

By Frank H. Spearman

LAY a hand over a map of the Pennsylvania lines, and the circulation of the blood through the one suggests the circulation of traffic through the other. When Garrett extended the Baltimore and Ohio westward he saw only St. Louis and Chicago, and ran nothing but trunk lines. The Pennsylvania system is so fed and strengthened, division by division, that each link is in itself almost a self-sustaining unit. On its intricate map each branch has a particular reason for being; each has been definitely thought out and added because it has a function. Capillaries are as essential to the circulation of the blood as arteries, and one great source of Pennsylvania Railroad prosperity lies in its capillaries.

The system covers the industrial heart of the continent. North of the Potomac and the Ohio its lines are strong at all traffic points from the Mississippi River to the Atlantic seaboard. But the Pennsylvania Railroad in its essential strength stands for the State of Pennsylvania, to which, as a State, an industrial preeminence has so long been accorded that the country has become decently resigned to its marvels. Its anthracite coal alone would make it the richest of our possessions; its soft coals and cokes, its iron and gas have made the Pittsburg district first in the world as a traffic centre.

Pittsburg itself is a Pennsylvania road fortress. Its river benches are lined with steel plants and factories, and its river banks are revetted tier upon tier with Pennsylvania siding tracks. Pennsylvania trains are made up under the smoke of its rolling mills and converters, and Pennsylvania shifting engines ceaselessly patrol its industrial camps. There is but one Pittsburg; its locomotives are shipped to Siberia, its bridges span the rivers of Africa and of India, and the battles of Russia and Japan are fought behind its armor-plate.

Iron and steel thus become heavy factors in Pennsylvania Railroad freight. But even steel tonnage sinks into obscurity when put beside that of coal. East of Pittsburg, in 1903, the road moved 77,000,000 tons of coal and coke. The history of the Pennsylvania road is, in a way, the history of the State. The story goes back to the crossing of the Alleghany Mountains by means of waterways and inclined planes. Then comes a Titan, an American engineer, John Edgar Thomson, who runs the pioneer grades and spikes the iron rails clear across the summit of the Alleghanies. Thomson laid the foundations of the greatness that underlies the present Pennsylvania system; he made it possible to move, as this road does, 1,000,000 tons of freight in a single day on one American railroad. But the Pennsylvania men of to-day would laugh if compared to Thomson. "We are specialists," they say, "that is, pygmies. Thomson was great in everything—operating, traffic, motive power, finance; but most of all in organization."

Tradition under such circumstances becomes an influence, and the Pennsylvania system has an unbroken tradition of nearly sixty years of successful railroading. Stress is laid most of all on organization, a legacy rounded out and bequeathed from management to management. Nor has any railroad speculator ever succeeded in seating himself in the saddle of Pennsylvania management. For fifty-eight years the company's destinies have been controlled by its owners, the stockholders, and annually they have approved or disapproved its policies. In return, they have received what few American railway investors can boast—a satisfactory return on their shares for every calendar year since 1846. It can hardly occasion surprise, then, that the Pennsylvania Railroad should enjoy high credit; it has earned an international reputation for good faith.

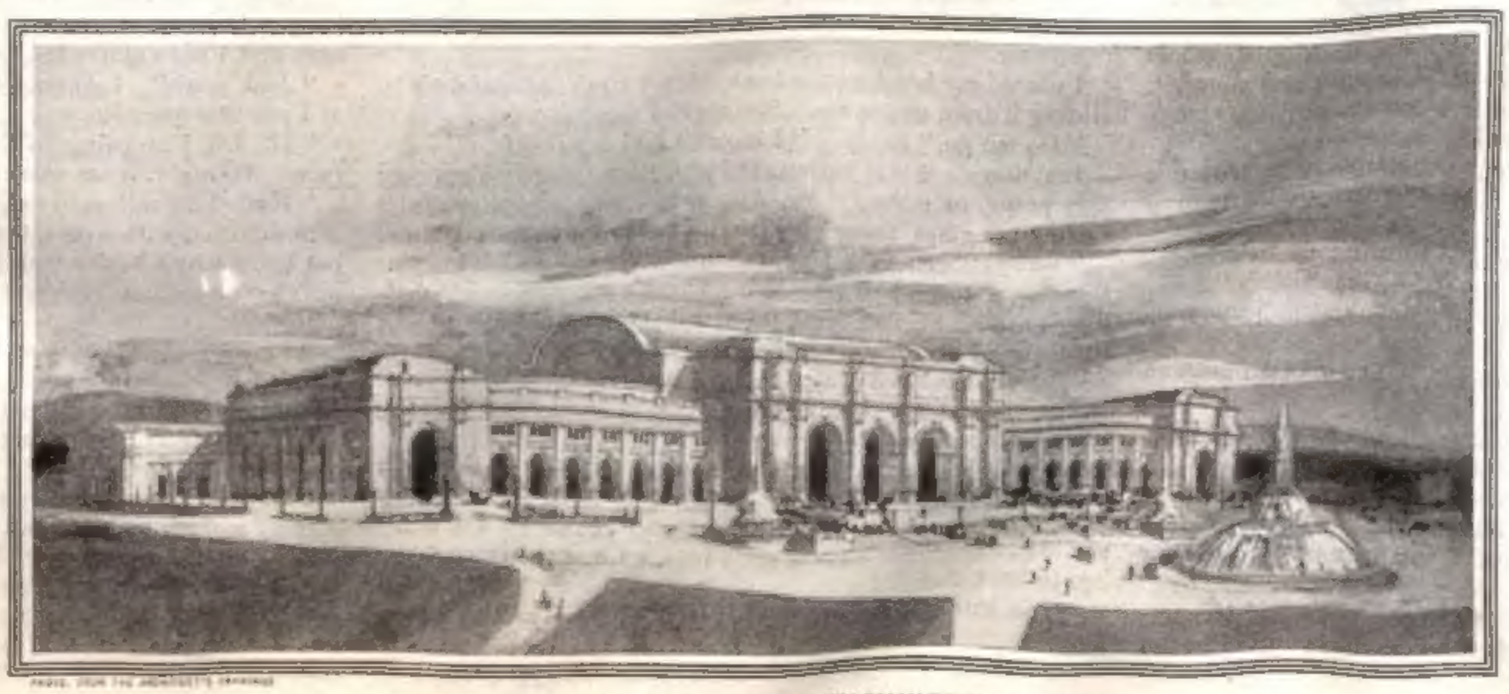
With a background of such united effort and a success so unusual it is not hard to understand why Pennsylvania standards and practice are held high among American railroads. In 1861 the Pennsylvania road put the first steel firebox under an American locomotive boiler. The Pennsylvania was the first of our roads to lay steel rails, and the first, in 1863, to lay Bessemer rails in this country. It was the first to use the air brake and the signal block system. The number one shop still standing at Altoona was the first, in 1873, to use an overhead crane. In 1852 the Pennsylvania road moved 70,000 tons of freight in a year; now it moves that much in an hour. It handled, then, 500,000 passengers in a year; now it handles 123,000,000. The system that once mustered fifty engines now counts 215,000 freight cars, and a single shop plant at Altoona turns out five new locomotives a week.

This is high-pressure railroading. Pennsylvania plans need to be laid on an unexampled scale for the reason that nowhere do precedents exist for its requirements. Moreover, peculiar difficulties attend the operating of the great Pennsylvania main line across the higher Alleghanies, where, the traffic being largely coal, the movement reaches a climax with the utmost regularity in November and March, remaining near the high mark during the winter months between. Thus the heavy movement comes against the elements when they are at their worst. If it could be shifted to July and August, when engines run at one hundred per cent. of their rating, no especial difficulty would be felt in mountain railroading; but when grades are to be climbed in winter storms, with engines running at fifty per cent. and sixty per cent. of their effectiveness, the problems become severe.

At the best, operating cost under such conditions stands at the high point, and a railroad needs the most ample track and yard room if the charge is not to become excessive. In consequence a continual effort is made to enlarge Pennsylvania facilities. An Altoona roundhouse cares for 250 locomotives every day, and a companion house is being built to take care of 300. The Altoona shops have shopped and repaired as many as 148 engines in a single month.

The material triumphs of Pennsylvania management are thus very considerable; they do not, however, by any means engage all of its activities. Out of 1,200,000 railroad employees in this country over 153,000 are on the pay-rolls of the Pennsylvania system. Here is the heaviest moral accountability put upon any existing railroad management: What of the employees?

When a man enters the Pennsylvania service he may at once protect himself with insurance benefits against sickness or accident, and the same agency which provides this health and accident insurance pays his family a full benefit for his death from any cause. The Pennsylvania employee thus has offered to him in one the advantages of several insurance



THE NEW UNION STATION AT WASHINGTON, D. C.

Editor's Note—This is one of a series of articles by Mr. Spearman on the larger strategy of the great American railways.

EIGHTH AVENUE FRONT OF THE GREATER NEW YORK TERMINAL STATION

SEVENTH AVENUE FRONT OF GREATER NEW YORK TERMINAL STATION

companies. The relief department, too, considered purely as insurance, enjoys advantages that take it quite out of comparison with ordinary insurance; for instance, the company pays all costs of its operation. Again, the weak feature of all fraternal insurance is its instability. But the relief insurance provided to Pennsylvania employees is backed by the entire responsibility of the company, a mere statement of whose assets would pale the figures that are the joy of the New York actuary. Beyond this, the retired employee belonging to the relief department receives his superannuation allowance wholly distinct from, and in addition to, a pension, which is likewise provided for all retired employees.

The distinctive feature in this broadly conceived Pennsylvania Railroad pension fund is that the employee contributes nothing whatever to it except his years of faithful service to the railroad. The company pays the pensions without a tax or contribution of any sort from its employees, and rejoices to-day in one pensioner ninety years old on its roll of honor. Boys and men are in this way made to feel when they enter the service of the company that they become a part of it; that if they will train themselves to coöperate with others they may participate fully and personally in the company's success; and that, after a career of faithful service, every man, from the president down to the laborer, will receive—not as a charity, but as a gratuity—his life pension.

The provisions for the care of this immense army of workers do not end here. Many Pennsylvania employees are so situated in their duties that safe and convenient places for saving a portion of their wages are not within reach. The Pennsylvania Company thereupon turns every ticket agent on its lines into a depositary for employees' monthly savings, on which it pays to them three and one-half per cent. interest. This Pennsylvania employees' savings fund is likewise conducted without one dollar of expense, direct or indirect, to its fortunate depositors. It is not intended as a place for the investment of the funds of employees but for their savings for investment. A man may not deposit more than $100 in any one month, nor keep above $5000 on balance at any one time, and employees receiving above $300 a month have been excluded from using it. But notwithstanding these restrictions the aggregate deposits received since its founding in 1887 exceed $10,000,000, and on these more than $1,000,000 of interest have been allowed to Pennsylvania Railroad workers by the savings fund trustees. Moreover, $6,000,000 have been withdrawn by employees for homes and investments.

So many safeguards mean a great deal of painstaking thought at headquarters, and it comes as a surprise to learn that, in return for duties unusually exacting, Pennsylvania Railroad directors under the company charter receive no compensation; but in all the State of Pennsylvania there is no position held in higher esteem than that of director of the Pennsylvania Railroad; it is a badge of honor to which no citizen is too distinguished to aspire. These directors represent in the history of the road a continuous line of able financiers, and are now aided in their work by four additional directors who serve as vice-presidents: S. M. Prevost, head of the traffic; Charles E. Pugh, head of operations; Captain Green, in charge of the general finances, and Samuel Rea, specially charged with the New York tunnel extension, are men who command a peculiar loyalty from their subordinate heads. Indeed, the officers and executives of the Pennsylvania Railroad have been to a remarkable degree all-around men. From its roll of engineers alone may be named J. Edgar Thomson, Edward Miller, William B. Foster, George B. Roberts, A. J. Cassatt, Herman J. Lombaert, J. N. DuBarry, W. H. Brown, Strickland Kneass and Samuel Rea. Vice-President McCrea, in charge of all company affairs west of Pittsburg, is also of this type of men—not alone engineer but thoroughly trained railroad man. Thomas A. Scott and Frank Thomson, though not engineers, were everything else that American railroad men can be, and their chapters in the road's story and their services to the country in the Civil War are national chapters.

The continual problem before all of these men has been to keep pace with the transportation needs of the most highly developed and most active industrial portion of the United States. Pennsylvania management of necessity stands in high light in the world of transportation and of finance, and, because silent under controversy and abuse, it is often reproached with being careless of public opinion; yet silence under clamor does not needfully imply insensibility to criticism. The situation of the present management of the Pennsylvania is rather that of men under the pressure of serious affairs and endeavoring, day by day, to pass for the best on very difficult questions. In particular, Mr. Cassatt, as the executive front to-day of Pennsylvania interests, has been hotly assailed as a disturber of public tranquillity. But to set him forth in this light has called for the most complete distortion of the man as he really is, and the mere sight of him wholly dispels such a conception.

One could easily associate this executive chief of the Pennsylvania road with a farm, and met on a highway in Iowa one would expect to find Mr. Cassatt superintending the planting of a 6000-acre field of his own corn. The impression under those circumstances would be that such a man would make a good Governor of the State, and no surprise would be felt to learn on inquiry that he had been Governor. Such a model farm owner, if asked about the adjustment of hoppers on the battery of corn planting machines lining up then to cross the field, would explain with genuine interest that he had adjusted the planters himself after they left the factory so that the hopper should deposit in each hill precisely four kernels of corn, and not occasionally three or five. Or, if you remarked on the sleekness of his hundred teams of mules, his appreciation of the comment would lead him to speak of the popular misconception concerning the mule's evil temper, and as being less trustworthy than a horse.

But Mr. Cassatt's cares and responsibilities do not lie among corn-planters nor along Iowa highways. They have followed him for some years as the head of one of the most important railroads in existence, and he stands with his associates in this management as trustee of an investment so huge that figures lose their force in attempting to express its measure. The Pennsylvania system controls nearly 150 corporations—mostly railroad companies—east of Pittsburg alone.

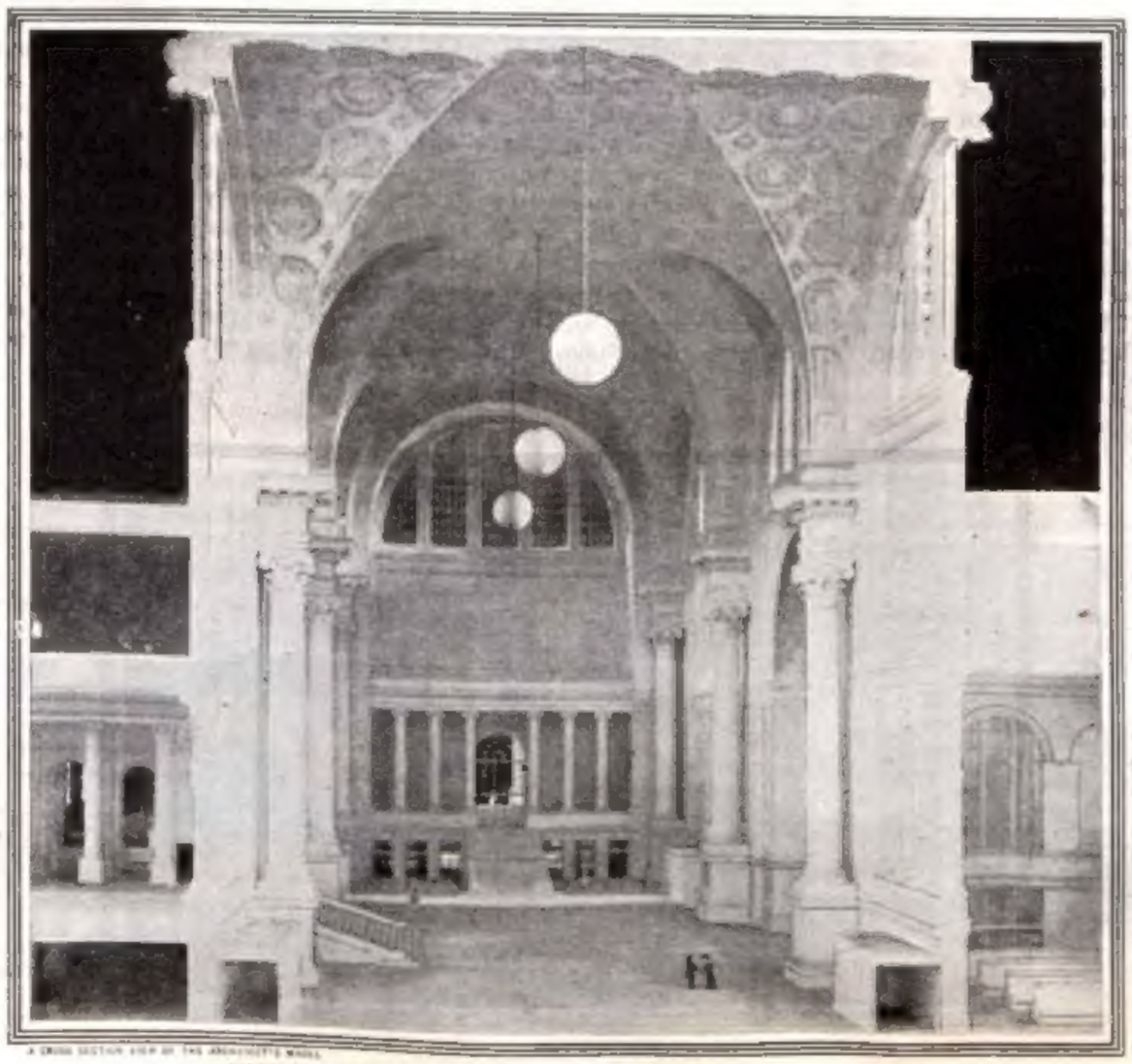
About the time Mr. Cassatt took the presidency very grave questions became apparent on the horizon of Pennsylvania Railroad affairs. It was evident that the day could be named when the traffic of that large portion of our industries dependent on the Pennsylvania system for transportation would swamp its existing facilities. The situation needed to be met by very extensive additions to track and terminal facilities, and plans were at once laid to provide them. But the day of congestion came: the day of a traffic flood so terrific as to burst in an hour from the control and restraint of the highest transportation facilities in the world.

Thirty-five years ago the Pennsylvania road took on itself the enormous obligations of the leases and investments of that portion of its present system known as the "Lines west of Pittsburg." There was at the time abundance of criticism for a step declared to be rash and unwarranted; but will any stand forth to-day to declare that the western terminus of the Pennsylvania should have been fixed at Pittsburg? Thirty-three years ago the Pennsylvania road assumed control of the United Railroads of New Jersey, by which to-day it reaches New York City, and with their control it assumed the obligation of a ten per cent. dividend on the stock. For many years that investment steadily showed a deficit in direct results to that division of railroad, but is there one to-day to call this an unwarranted investment? The connection at Philadelphia by way of the Delaware River Bridge with the West Jersey and Seashore system was provided at a cost of more than two millions and a half at a time when the president and none of his staff believed it could be made to pay for years; yet the investment paid from the start, and if a slight extra fare were not imposed that gateway would be swamped with Atlantic City passenger traffic.

The obligations of the Pennsylvania management are toward its stockholders and the investors in its securities; but there is also a very definite obligation toward the millions of people of the West and Southwest, who live along thousands of miles of railroads connecting with or tributary to the Pennsylvania system and find in it their sole gateway into New York City; and unless these people should still be compelled to change cars and baggage in Philadelphia the acquisition of the United Jersey roads must be justified, and it has by unanimous public opinion received such justification that its New York division is now on an equal plane with the Pennsylvania main line.

Having solved these problems satisfactorily, a further grave question had for twenty years confronted the Pennsylvania management and been the cause of much anxious study: Should the Pennsylvania Railroad remain forever on the west side of the Hudson River? The question was not one to which an answer might lie open indefinitely. Only by immediate action could a passenger terminal in New York City be obtained short of a cost absolutely prohibitive. Should the Pennsylvania Railroad, then, not endeavor to improve upon the plans conceived by Pennsylvania forefathers? Should it consent forever to discharge its New York passengers into ferryboats and land

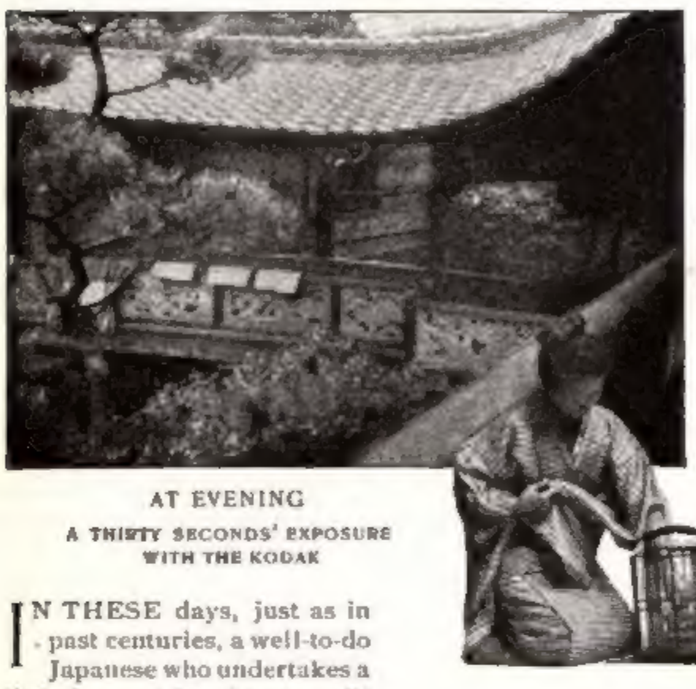
(Concluded on Page 21)



INTERIOR OF GREATER NEW YORK TERMINAL STATION

Japan Through My Camera

By ZAIDA BEN YÛSUF



AT EVENING

A THIRTY SECONDS' EXPOSURE WITH THE KODAK

IN THESE days, just as in past centuries, a well-to-do Japanese who undertakes a little journey for pleasure will nearly always have as his object a visit to some celebrated temple: even a complete tour of all the holy places is not too much to expect of one who wishes to see and know his own country. Then, in olden times the castle towns, which are now dwindling to the merest villages, attracted many who had money to spend and importance to maintain by outward show. In consequence, those of the really fine inns which still remain are most likely to be in districts remote and often uninteresting to a foreigner rather than in the large modern towns where at first thought one would expect to find them.

Such a place of pilgrimage is Kompira San, in the island of Shikoku. It is also called Zōzu San, because the hill upon which the temples are built looks strangely like an elephant's head on which the temple buildings are so placed as to represent the eye. They show merely as a white speck in the photograph, for it was taken at a distance of quite two miles in order to get the celebrated view from the old highway leading to the castle town of Marugame. To complete the illusion, the village of Kompira, as it straggles up the hill, looks not unlike a huge white tusk.

I heard of this place first from my little maid Sato San, who said she had lived there "in my young time." It is as yet unspoiled by the presence of a railroad, and as our rickshaws trundled into the courtyard of the inn called Tora-ya there was an unmistakable atmosphere truly native in our surroundings. It happened that the day I arrived the people were preparing to celebrate the anniversary of some ancient Shogun's visit. Everybody then makes prancing white warhorses from rice flour, and the girls whom we saw busily grinding rice as we entered had been at it since early morning for this purpose. The three of them consented, with much giggling and teasing from the other girls, to let me photograph them as they sat working on the raised floor. I used the only camera I had with me at the moment and made two views by merely revolving the box upon its tripod. When placed side by side they give one a fair idea of that end of the courtyard. The exposure was quite twenty seconds, which might easily have been shortened by a different sort of lens if I had happened to have one ready, and truly this half-dark place would have been a perfect test for one of the "extra rapid" anastigmats I have spoken of before. I find these an extremely interesting type, and shall probably use them quite frequently. But for the other part, when everything is taken into consideration, only two separate pictures will cover such an area. To the right is a well, the stonework shining like green tiles; resting upon it were brightly polished copper pans and brown earthen jars—an altogether charming bit of color.

My small present of money was willingly accepted by the girls, and then I followed one along the pathway at the left to select our rooms. Sato San I always kept near me instead of sending her to the usual quarters for attendants, so that she could be ready to act as interpreter when needed. Besides, the gentle little woman was a good companion, yet never ventured to speak unless I spoke first. Up early or late to bed, patient under fatiguing stretches of travel, or whatever my work, weather or mood made necessary, she, like all her people, was never disturbed or unamiable. On the contrary, such erratic methods match their own temperament.

I found the inn to be a group of separate buildings, some of which were wholly closed, as they had few guests just then. Everywhere I saw handsome carvings, and large, solidly built stairways; the sliding doors between rooms were very wide and entirely covered with gold leaf, and upon the floor were fine quality mats, which they soon supplemented with flat cushions of pale-colored silks for me to sit upon. Even the thick *futons* upon which I slept were covered with silk. In brief, it was a very sumptuous hotel, owned by the same family for several hundred years, and Shoguns, Mikados' envoys, and Daimios, along with many lesser dignitaries, had often stopped there, although the Abbot's house up near the temples could, according to frequent custom, have been their resting-place.

The architecture of these houses was similar to that of my own, except that there were two stories. As many as four or five rooms were arranged along one stretch of floor space, divided only by sliding panels. There were, of course, no fastenings of any kind upon them, and, if your neighbor *were* so inclined, he need only separate the panels ever so slightly to satisfy any amount of curiosity. The difference in sounds which might otherwise indicate what was going on would really not be detected here because of the open carved *ramma* above the sliding partition. The nearness of Sato served another purpose, too. I never could get accustomed to having the hotel servants slide open my doors without warning. They come so silently, barefooted, along the polished floor of the corridors, and then suddenly an open panel discloses a man or woman kneeling outside! It is a surprise not always convenient, and they have so many excuses for coming. What would I have for my next meal? The rickshaw coolies want to know if I will engage them again for to-morrow. Should I like tea? There is a curio dealer with things to show me. Was I quite comfortable? The bath was "new" and just hot, would I "condescend" to go now? There was a fortune-teller downstairs in the courtyard. And so on—a thousand little attentions for my comfort.

After the first experience I let Sato tell them that all messages, visitors, servants, meals or other things brought to me must come through the second room, where she remained, and they always respected my wishes. In fact, it developed into an excellent plan. They seemed to put a value upon the reserve with which I surrounded myself as somewhat contrary to the all-pervading bustle and innovation usually attending the sojourn of a party of foreigners.

With the same happy, easy-going indifference to hours that characterizes all they do one may order at any time of day or night the meals that are always served in one's own rooms. All sorts of interesting things appeared for me to eat—some, very naturally, not to my taste, and others quite delicious. One always sits upon the floor, of course, before tiny tables such as I used in my home, all set with beautiful lacquered and porcelain dishes. The only one of these you are expected to require refilled is the rice bowl. For this the maid who waits upon you brings in a huge box—always the same size, whether it is to serve one person or a dozen—from which she ladles out rice as often as you may wish. There is no family in Japan without such a box, whether it be of plain white wood or splendidly lacquered and gilded, with its spoon to match. During the entire repast the maid kneels opposite, her hands folded in her lap and eyes politely lowered to the floor. If she happens to have an attack of sniffles it is not pleasant; otherwise she is the perfection of exact propriety according to Japanese fashions. The woman who posed for the photograph is rather better dressed than the average *nesan*, but I concluded not to disappoint her with requests to go back to the plain, dark blue cotton she wore an hour before, because she had made herself so smart in honor of the picture-taking. This had to be a time exposure of several seconds with the large lens. The most amusing little person I had for *vis-à-vis* during my wanderings was in a monastery where no women servants were allowed and only recently were women allowed as guests. Here a small urchin, ten years old, officiated at the rice box. When he knelt down, with his eyes almost closed and his dirty, little brown hands demurely folded, he looked like a Buddha and confessed one day that he expected to be a priest when he grew up.

The courtesy of the people here proved delightful. I did not have to be actually in the house to feel the influence of their protective interest, which made itself known in various unexpected ways. For instance, if it became cloudy there always appeared, quite as a matter of course, a boy carrying umbrellas, and on one of these occasions a man joined our party who had been sent to see if all was well, as we had been out so long; this notwithstanding that there was a third man from the inn already with us who had been engaged as guide and to carry the cameras! Another time they sent after me things to eat, done up with charming daintiness in the proper lacquered boxes.

ALL SORTS OF INTERESTING THINGS TO EAT

The ascent to the temples was rather too formidable to retrace often, so we took it easily and stopped half-way to inspect the Abbot's house, now unoccupied. It was during one of our frequent pauses to rest that I encountered the only disagreeable incident of all my months of travel. It seems that whenever a Japanese man is big and tall he considers himself intended by Nature for the navy, and here was a specimen on shore leave from one of the warships. With the most insolent air he came up to where I was sitting. Folding his arms he looked me up and down, all the while puffing at his cigarette so that the smoke blew directly into my face, so close did he stand. I rose to move away, feeling a bit nervous, as his attitude had caused a little crowd to collect and our man had been sent off on an errand. The moment I moved away the sailor began abusing poor Sato San for serving a foreigner. Some timid answer from her made him become still more threatening. How dare she, a woman, "talk back" to him! He would beat her then and there if—but Sato came flying in my direction, and just then we saw the white uniform of a policeman sauntering up the steps. So we continued our walk, discreetly keeping him in sight as long as possible, each one afraid to let the other know she was frightened.

The Abbot's house contained some very interesting apartments which tempted me to spend the whole afternoon there, delighted at the opportunity to secure a series of pictures of such a characteristic type. In these places

THE ELEPHANT'S HEAD

SNAPSHOT

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of articles by Miss Ben Yûsuf.

LOOKING OUT TOWARD THE GARDENS
TIME EXPOSURE WITH THE KODAK

IN A TEMPLE COURTYARD

RESERVED FOR THE MIKADO'S ENVOY
TIME EXPOSURE WITH THE KODAK

there is always a big room with a floor raised at one end, where the visiting or resident prince held his receptions; a suite of smaller living-rooms for his use near by, and several waiting-rooms for those seeking audience. In the reception-room there is generally a sort of closet in the wall connected with secret passages through the building, where armed men were hidden for the protection of the person holding court. The custodians of some of the palaces will tell you that here the men sat who made written records of all important proceedings. If that were actually what they were used for, then the poor scribes had no easy time of it and must have worked altogether by candle-light. Another suite of reception-rooms was of the type that is reserved for the Mikado's envoy, a series of small rooms, the innermost one containing the very thick mat, bound with striped silk, that is always associated with the Emperor or some historical deity, and the fine bamboo curtain which invariably screened him from direct view.

Since priests and princes in feudal Japan were as constantly quarreling as in mediæval Europe, there must have been many an interesting argument carried on in these ancient rooms, so beautifully decorated by well-known artists. In these days rats or damp make it necessary to renew all the mats every three years, but the woodwork stands practically forever unless destroyed by fire, when they rebuild identically as before and consider that it is continuing the age of the former building—except in the matter of celebrated paintings. This curiously continued age is even applied to trees which have died or been destroyed by fire. The higher doorways and ceilings of these houses seem quite natural, as corresponding to the more imposing height of our own official dwellings, but that they were built so because the aristocratic men and women of old Japan were taller than they are nowadays is the idea prevalent among the common people—an idea which the size of the magnificent velvet and wood palanquins they managed to tuck themselves into for traveling hardly bears out.

Here, also, were the wide outside galleries with heavy wooden doors at intervals, curiously painted, *fusuma* (sliding panels between rooms) with heavy, antique tassels; large expanses of wall covered entirely with gold leaf upon which were painted, in their classic style of bold decoration, the ideas which so many of our modern artists have borrowed: most often a tree in natural size and color whose branches would be carried along in splendid lines the whole length of the apartment and even around to another side. I made all these interior views on films, with the ordinary lens of the kodak at small aperture, exposures varying from three to twenty minutes, because some of the rooms were very dark, while the others looked right out toward the sunny gardens. These photographs show most remarkable rectilinear qualities and accurate proportions which can never be equaled by lenses we often choose for greater speed. This is a point which has kept the cheaper lens in favor with many of the best known workers. They were all developed at once on the same strip of film in a daylight developing machine, with the same happy results I had become accustomed to expect, and yet were always an amusing surprise. Snapshots made in the streets the following morning, when it was cloudy, with this same camera were less successful, however, but, to be quite fair, I do not blame the developing process.

On our way up next day I noticed a policeman who seemed to be eying us with interest, so, in response to a sudden inspiration of mine, Sato San was sent to ask him if he would be so kind as to stay with us a while and help keep the people from crowding round the camera while I tried to get some

WE RECEIVED PRESENTS
A TEN SECONDS' EXPOSURE WITH THE KODAK

views of the temple yards. A few days before I had been obliged to give up and return to the inn on account of their childlike but inconvenient curiosity. Sato San was frankly pleased, and the little officer appeared to welcome the diversion, doing his part faithfully, except when he became so interested himself that he forgot. He was a great help, though, or I think my courage would have failed again at the disagreeably conspicuous part which fell to me. Here I used the large camera, and in a nervous moment—for our officer was holding back quite a hundred of these simple creatures—I forgot to close the shutter and drew out a slide while the lens was still open. Luck seemed against me, for at that moment the sun came out, and, of course, I thought I had lost one of my only two remaining plates. Fortunately, development proved I was mistaken, for the double-coated plates I mentioned in a previous article had served their purpose well. This, I suppose, was an incident that would make good argument for reflex cameras, where the mirror not only serves as a finder but automatically protects both lens and plate until the moment of exposure.

Nothing could be more perfect than the latest models of these instruments. Their cost is high, but such points count for little when the spur of ambition first urges one on—especially if the seal of approval has been granted by professionals.

For my own part, I find the weight of a reflex beyond feminine endurance and content myself with simpler things (I use the word in its broad sense, not meaning to disparage a mechanism so well thought out as this has been), for it matters not at all with what degree of enthusiasm we may work, if the paraphernalia become a burden the hobby is no longer an amusement, and we either drop it or begin to take ourselves too seriously.

To revert to Japan. Even at this stage we were only half-way up, so after an exchange of polite good-bys with our impromptu assistant, who flatly refused any reward, we slowly mounted the remaining flights of stone steps. More photographs with all sorts of slow shutter or time exposures followed, until, finally, the rain came down in torrents.

I truly was in a predicament then, for all the oiled-paper umbrellas our boy carried put together would not save the only pair of shoes I possessed within a hundred miles. My devoted Sato San came to the rescue with an offer of her own *tabi* and *geta*, declaring she could very well do without. Our men, of course, were barefooted, except for their clogs.

We finally compromised, she keeping the *geta* and I accepting the *tabi*; and so we descended the six hundred wet steps and the muddy, stairlike streets of the village below. Stones and gravel hurt a little, and muddy water soon transformed the spotless white socks, whose digitated shape added to the queer sensation.

But the damage was no worse, and after the *nesans* at the inn had washed my feet in the courtyard as I sat on the edge of the raised floor we went upstairs again, had tea, interpreted bills by the yard, gave presents and received others, and presently resumed our journey by rickshaw and rail to the coast, where a yacht was waiting. Instead of feeling worn out after all this I experienced only a feeling of immense exhilaration that did full justice to the good things I found prepared on board, and not till late in the evening did I look at the "present" I had received. It turned out to be a cotton towel stamped in colors with a reproduction of two large wood carvings, genuine examples by the famous Hidari Jingoro, possessions of which the hotel people are very proud. This was the artist whose work on the Nikko temple is so well known.

TWO VIEWS OF THE COURTYARD OF THE INN
TWO TIME EXPOSURES WITH THE KODAK

OLD GORGON GRAHAM

By the Author of Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son

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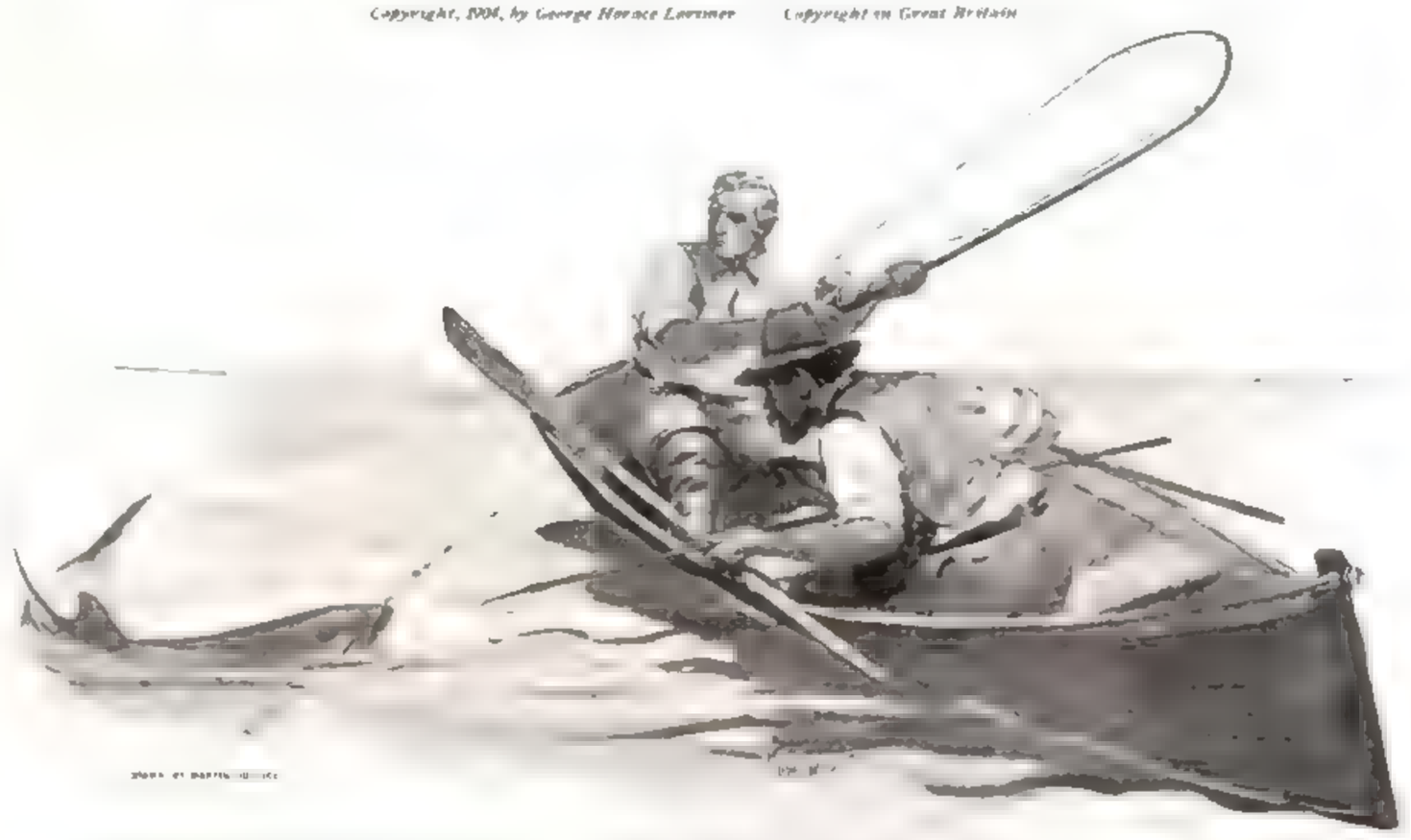

I DON'T REALLY NEED A TARPON . . . BUT I NEED A BURNED NECK AND A PEELED NOSE

XI—From John Graham, at Mount Clematis, Michigan, to his son, Pierrepont, at the Union Stock Yards, Chicago. The young man has sent the old man a dose of his own medicine, advice, and he is proving himself a good doctor by taking it

MOUNT CLEMATIS,
January 25, 1900.

Dear Pierrepont:

They've boiled everything out of me except the original sin, and even that's a little bleached, and they've taken away my roll of yellow-backs, so I reckon they're about through with me here for the present. But instead of returning to the office I think I'll take your advice and run down to Florida for a few weeks, and have a "try at the tarpon," as you put it. I don't really need a tarpon, or want a tarpon, and I don't know what I could do with a tarpon if I hooked one, except to yell at him to go away; but I need a burned neck and a peeled nose, a little more zest for my food and a little more zip about my work, if the interests of the American hog are going to be safe in my hands this spring. I don't seem to have so much luck as some fellows in hooking these fifty-pound fish lies, but I always manage to land a pretty heavy appetite and some big nights' sleep when I strike salt water. Then I can go back to the office and produce results like a hen in April with eggs at eleven cents a dozen.

Health is like any inheritance—you can spend the interest in work and play, but you mustn't break into the principal. Once you do, and it's only a matter of time before you've got to place the remnants in the hands of a doctor as receiver; and receivers are mighty partial to fees and mighty slow to let go. But if you don't work with him to get the business back on a sound basis there's no such thing as any further voluntary proceedings, and the remnants become remains.

It's a mighty simple thing, though, to keep in good condition, because about everything that makes for poor health has to get into you right under your nose. Yet a fellow'll load up with pie and buckwheats for breakfast and go around wondering about his stomach-ache, as if it were a put-up job that had been played on him when he wasn't looking; or he'll go through his dinner pickling each course in a different brand of alcohol, and sob out on the butler's shoulder that the booze isn't as pure as it used to be when he was a boy; or he'll come home at midnight singing The Old Oaken Bucket, and act generally as if all the water in the world were in the well on the old homestead and the mortgage on that had been foreclosed; or from 8 P. M. to 3 G. M. he'll sit in a small game with a large cigar, breathing a blend of light blue cigarette smoke and dark blue cuss words, and next day, when his heart beats four and skips two, and he has that queer, hopping sensation in the knees, he'll complain bitterly to the other clerks that this confining office work is killing him.

Of course, with all the care in the world, a fellow's likely to catch things, but there's no sense in sending out invitations to a lot of miscellaneous microbes and pretending when they call that it's a surprise party. Bad health hates a man who is friendly with its enemies—hard work, plain food and pure air. More men die from worry than from overwork; more stuff themselves to death than die of starvation; more break their necks falling down the cellar stairs than climbing mountains. If the human animal reposed less confidence in his stomach and more in his legs the streets would be full of healthy men walking down to business. Remember that a man always rides to his grave; he never walks there.

When I was a boy the only doubt about the food was whether there would be enough of it; and there wasn't any doubt at all about the religion. If the pork barrel were full, father read a couple of extra psalms at morning prayers, to express our thankfulness; and if it were empty he dipped into Job for half an hour at evening prayers, to prove that we were better off than some folks. But you don't know what to eat these days, with one set of people saying that only beasts eat meat, and another that only cattle eat grain and green stuff; or what to believe, with one crowd claiming that there's nothing the matter with us, as the only matter that we've got is in our minds; and another crowd telling us not to mind what the others say, because they've got something the matter with their minds. I reckon that what this generation really needs is a little less pie and a little more piety.

I dwell on this matter of health, because when the stomach and liver ain't doing good work, the brain can't. A good many men will say that it's none of your business what they do in their own time, but you want to make it your business, so long as it affects what they do in your time. For this reason, you should never hire men who drink after office hours; for it's their time that gets the effects, and your time that gets the after effects. Even if a boss grants that there's fun in drinking, it shouldn't take him long to discover that he's getting the short end of it, when all the clerk can share with him in the morning is the head and the hangover.

I might add that I don't like the effects of drinking any more than the after effects; and for this reason you should never hire men who drink during business hours. When a fellow adds up on whisky he's apt to see too many figures; and when he subtracts on beer he's apt to see too few.

It may have been the case once that when you opened up a bottle for a customer he opened up his heart, but booze is a mighty poor salesman nowadays. It takes more than a corkscrew to draw out a merchant's order. Most of the men who mixed their business and their drinks have failed, and the new owners take their business straight. Of course, some one has to pay for the drinks that a drummer sets up. The drummer can't afford it on his salary; the house isn't really in the hospitality business; so, in the end, the buyer always stands treat. He may not see it in his bill for goods, but it's there, and the smart ones have caught on to it.

After office hours, the number of drinks a fellow takes may make a difference in the result to his employer, but during business hours the effect of one is usually as bad as half a dozen. A buyer who drinks, hates a whisky breath when he hasn't got one himself, and a fellow who doesn't drink never bothers to discover whether he's being talked to by a simple or a compound breath. He knows that some men who drink are unreliable, and that unreliable men are apt to represent unreliable houses and to sell unreliable goods, and he hasn't the time or the inclination to stop and find out that this particular salesman has simply had a mild snort as an appetizer and a gentle soother as a digester. So he doesn't get an order, and the house gets a black eye. This is a very, very busy world, and about the only person who is really interested in knowing just how many a fellow has had is his wife, and she won't always believe him.

Naturally, when you expect so much from your men, they have a right to expect a good deal from you. If you want them to feel that your interests are theirs you must let them see that their interests are yours. There are a lot of fellows in the world who are working just for glory, but they are mostly poets, and you needn't figure on finding many of them out at the Stock Yards. Praise goes a long ways with a good man, and some employers stop there; but cash goes the whole distance, and if you want to keep your growing men with you, you mustn't expect them to do all the growing. Small salaries make slow workers and careless clerks; because it isn't hard to get an underpaid job. But a well-paid man sticketh closer than a little brother-in-law to be to the fellow who lugs the candy. For this reason, when I close the books at the end of the year I always give every one, from the errand boys up, a bonus based on the size of their salaries and my profits. There's no way I've ever tried that makes my men take an interest in the size of my profits like giving them a share. And there's no advertisement for a house like having its men going around blowing and bragging because they're working for it.

Again, if you insist that your men sha'n't violate the early closing ordinance, you must observe one yourself. A man who only works half a day Saturday can usually do a day-and-a-half's work Monday. I'd rather have my men hump themselves for nine hours than dawdle for ten.

Of course, the world is full of horses who won't work except with the whip, but that's no reason for using it on those who will. When I get a critter that hogs my good oats and then won't show them in his gait, I get rid of him. He may be all right for a fellow who's doing a peddling business, but I need a little more speed and spirit in mine.

A lot of people think that adversity and bad treatment is the test of a man, and it is—when you want to develop his strength; but prosperity and good treatment is a better one when you want to develop his weakness. By keeping those who show their appreciation of it and firing those who don't, you get an office full of crackerjacks.

While your men must feel all the time that they've got a boss who can see good work around a corner, they mustn't be allowed to forget that there's no private burying-ground on the premises for mistakes. When a Western town loses one of its prominent citizens through some careless young fellow's letting his gun go off sudden, if the sheriff buys a little rope and sends out invitations to an inquest, it's apt to make the boys more reserved about exchanging repartee; and if you pull up your men sharp when you find them shooting off their mouths to customers and getting gay in their correspondence, it's sure to cut down the mortality among our old friends in the trade.

The men who stay in the office and plan are the brains of your business; those who go out and sell are its arms; and those who fill and deliver the orders are its legs. There's no use in the brains scheming and the arms gathering in if the legs are going to deliver the goods with a kick.

That's another reason why it's very important for you to be in the office early. You can't personally see every order filled, and tell whether it was shipped promptly and the right goods sent, but when the telegrams and letters are opened you can have all the kicks sorted out, and run through them before they're distributed for the day. That's where you'll meet the clerk who billed a tierce of hams to the man who ordered a box; the shipper who mislaid Bill Smith's order for lard, and made Bill lose his Saturday's trade through the delay; the department head who felt a little peevish one morning and so wrote Hardin & Co., who buy in car lots, that if they didn't like the smoke of the last car of Bacon Short Clears they could lump it, or words to that effect; and that's where you'll meet the salesman who played a sure thing on the New Orleans track and needs twenty to get to the next town, where his check is waiting. Then, when you make the rounds of the departments to find out how it happened, the heads will tell you all the good news in the mail.

Of course, you can keep track of your men in a sneaking way that will make them despise you, and talk to them in a

nagging spirit that will make them bristle when they see you. But it's your right to know and your business to find out, and if you collect your information in an open, frank manner, going at it in the spirit of hoping to find everything all right, instead of wanting to find something all wrong; and if you talk to the responsible man with an air of, here's a place where we can get together and correct a weakness in our business—not my business—instead of with an, Ah! ha! I've-found-you-out expression, your men will throw handsprings for your good opinion. Never nag a man under any circumstances; fire him.

A good boss in these days, when profits are pared down to the quick, can't afford to have any holes, no matter how small, in his management; but there must be give enough in his seams so that every time he stoops down to pick up a penny he won't split his pants. He must know how to be big, as well as how to be small.

Some years ago I knew a firm who did business under the name of Foreman & Sowers. They were a regular business vaudeville team—one big and broad-gauged in all his ideas; the other unable to think in anything but boys' and misses' sizes. Foreman believed that men got rich in dollars; Sowers in cents. Of course, you can do it either way, but the first needs brains, and the second only hands. It's been my experience that the best way is to go after both the dollars and the cents.

Well, sir, these fellows launched a specialty, a mighty good thing, the Peep o' Daisy Breakfast Food, and started in to advertise. Sowers wanted to use inch space and sell single cases; Foreman kicked because full pages weren't bigger and wanted to sell in car lots, leaving the case trade to the jobbers. Sowers only half-believed in himself, and only a quarter in the food, and only an eighth in advertising. So he used to go home nights and lay awake with a living picture exhibit of himself being kicked out of his store by the sheriff, and out of his house by the landlord, and, finally, off the corner, where he was standing with his hat out for pennies, by the policeman. He hadn't a big enough imagination even to introduce into this last picture a sport dropping a dollar bill into his hat. But Foreman had a pretty good opinion of himself, and a mighty big opinion of the food, and he believed that a clever, well-knit ad. was strong enough to draw teeth. So he would go home and build steam yachts and country places in his sleep.

Naturally, the next morning Sowers would come down haggard and gloomy, and grow gloomier as he went deeper into the mail, and saw how small the orders were. But Foreman would start out as brisk and busy as a hummingbird, tap the advertising agent for a new line of credit on his way down to the office, and extract honey and hope from every letter.

Sowers begged him, day by day, to stop the useless fight and save the remains of their business. But Foreman simply laughed. Said there wouldn't be any remains when he was ready to quit. Allowed that he believed in cremation, anyway, and that the only way to fix a brand on the mind of the people was to burn it in with money.

Sowers worried along a few days more, and then one night, after he had been buried in the potter's field, he planned a final stroke to stop Foreman, who, he believed, didn't know just how deep in they really were. Foreman was in a particularly jolly mood the next morning, for he had spent the night bidding against Pierpont Morgan at an auction of old masters; but he listened patiently while Sowers called off the figures in a sort of dirgelike sing-song and until he had wailed out his final note of despair, a bass-drum crash, which he thought would bring Foreman to a realizing sense of their loss, so to speak.

"That," Sowers wound up, "makes a grand total of $800,000 that we have already lost."

Foreman's head drooped, and for a moment he was deep in thought, while Sowers stood over him, sad, but triumphant, in the feeling that he had at last brought this madman to his senses, now that his dollars were gone.

"Eight hundred thou!" the senior partner repeated mechanically. Then, looking up with a bright smile, he exclaimed: "Why, old man, that leaves us two hundred thousand still to spend before we hit the million mark!"

They say that Sowers could only gibber back at him; and Foreman kept right on and managed some way to float himself on to the million mark. There the tide turned, and after all these years it's still running his way; and Sowers, against his better judgment, is a millionaire.

I simply mention Foreman in passing. It would be all foolishness to follow his course in a good many situations, but there's a time to hold on and a time to let go, and the limit and a little beyond is none too far to play a really good thing. But in business it's quite as important to know how to be a good quitter as a good fighter. Even when you feel that you've got a good thing, you want to make sure that it's good enough and that you're good enough, before you ask to have the limit taken off. A lot of men who play a nice game of authors get their feelings hurt at whist, and get it in the neck at poker.

You want to have the same principle in mind when you're handling the trade. Sometimes you'll have to lay down even when you feel that your case is strong. Often you'll have to yield a point or allow a claim when you know you're dead right and the other fellow all wrong. But there's no sense in getting a licking on top of a grievance.

Another thing that helps you keep track of your men is the habit of asking questions. Your thirst for information must fairly make your tongue loll out. When you ask the head of the canning department what we're netting for two-pound Corned Beef on the day's market for canners, and he has to say, "Wait a minute and I'll figure it out," or turn to one of his boys and ask, "Bill, what are twos netting us?" he isn't sitting close enough to his job, and, perhaps, if Bill were in his chair he'd be holding it in his lap; or when you ask the chief engineer how much coal we burned this month as compared with last, and why in thunder we burned it, if he has to hem and haw and say he hasn't had time to figure it out yet, but he thinks they were running both benches in the packing-house most of the time, and he guesses this and reckons that, he needs to get up a little more steam himself; in short, whenever you find a fellow that ought to know every minute where he's at, but who doesn't know what's what, he's pretty likely to be *it*.

It's not a bad plan, once in a while, to check up the facts and figures that are given you. I remember one lightning calculator I had working for me, who would catch my questions hot from the bat, and fire back the answers before I could get into position to catch. Was a mighty particular cuss. Always worked everything out to the sixth decimal place. I had just about concluded he ought to have a wider field for his talents when I asked him one day how the hams of the last week's run had been averaging in weight. Answered like a streak; but it struck me that for hogs which had been running so light they were giving up pretty generously. So I checked up his figures and found 'em all wrong. Tried him with a different question every day for a week. Always answered quick, and always answered wrong. Found that he was a baseball rooter and had been handing out the batting averages of the Chicagos for his answers. Seems that when I used to see him busy figuring with his pencil he was working out where Anson stood on the list. He's not in Who's Who in the Stock Yards any more, you bet.

Your affectionate father,

JOHN GRAHAM

William Allen White

NO ISSUE in Kansas politics is settled with the majority until William Allen White has expressed his views editorially. When the editors of the State are divided and are busily engaged in heated editorial debates, the uncertain public look to White as moderator and await his views. He is expected to hit the nail on the head. He is a native son of Kansas, and grew up in the State during the days of Republican supremacy and 80,000 majorities. He developed during the exciting days of bare majorities, swung first to the Republican and then the Populist side. He bought the Emporia Gazette, in the town where he was born, and in the midst of a Populist community. When the political wave, started by the Alliance, had engulfed Kansas, he engaged the enemy in one of their strongholds and began fighting his way out.

SOBBED OUT ON THE BUTLER'S SHOULDER

The oldest subscribers, who threatened to stop their subscriptions unless he ceased to ridicule their doctrines, could not force a cessation of hostilities. He was the issue, or at least one of the issues, in the county campaign. The Populists were determined to carry the county contrary to his editorial preachings. White had assumed a more important position in life; the importance that goes with the name of Bill. He had outgrown the name of Willie and of Will, which clung to him in the minds of many of the old settlers in Emporia, who remembered the day when the local paper chronicled the birth of the boy who had grown to be the editor. The transparencies in the Populist parades, the banners at the stump speech gatherings, gave space to reply to Bill White.

The editor of the Gazette kept on hammering at the men whom he said talked of "hard times," of the repudiation of debts, and of the rights of the user paramount to the rights of the owner, while their wives took in washing to support the family. These curbstone statesmen stopped him on the street one day and began an argument. The editor could not get a chance to answer them by speech. They jeered at him. White was to take the next train West. He hurried to the Gazette office. He wrote an editorial and headed it What's the Matter With Kansas. He told in plain language just what the matter was. His diagnosis was correct. He told Colonel Hucks and his followers just what ailed their political livers. He sent the editorial out to the composing-room and hurried to the station to catch the train. He thought of that rasping, satirical, blunt editorial for a good many miles. He doubted the advisability of printing it. He would have recalled it but he could not. The editorial was printed and was copied. He had hammered the nail squarely on the head. The editorial was circulated among a thousandfold more readers than the writer ever expected to reach.

Chairman Hanna, of the National Republican Committee, used it more extensively than any other document of the campaign of 1896. It helped elect a President. The regeneration of Colonel Hucks was accomplished. Others followed him back to the Republican fold. Populism was a matter of history. The editor of the Gazette had passed to that degree of importance which demands the full spelling of all the names used at the christening. He was entitled to be called William Allen White in full.

Since White bought the Gazette he has been enjoying the fulfillment of his journalistic ambition; he has been a full-fledged country editor. He is an editor with ideals. He believes that editors have a mission and that that mission is to say without fear or favor what should be said of politics and politicians, whether the saying prods a friend or foe.

White believes that the main thing in life is to satisfy one's own conscience. He does that. His conscience has not been warped while he dreamed of gaining the favor of some politician by that editorial sagacity which sees a plum in the form of a political office.

In fact, White simply won't have a political job, and it is not necessary to add "if he could get it," for he has had it within his reach. It was his for the asking. Chairman Hanna was much pleased with the editorial written by the young Kansas editor. When they met Hanna informed White that he might choose the office he thought would reward him for the work he had done the party by writing that editorial. White declined any office Hanna might secure for him, through the appointive power of McKinley, from a foreign berth down. He would not take the usual prize, the postmastership in his home town. Strange action for an editor, especially a Kansas country editor. Chairman Hanna looked upon White with increased favor. That was the beginning of a genuine friendship between the two which ended only with the death of the elder.

White is a pioneer of the new style country editor. He would not call upon McKinley, at the urgent request of Chairman Hanna, until Hanna inserted in the letter of introduction that the bearer was not seeking a political appointment.

That letter, which White rescued after its presentation, hangs in a frame on the walls of the Gazette office. He calls it his license to say what he pleases of politics.

In the memorandum by President Roosevelt on the report of General Bristow on the corruption in the Post-office Department, attention was called to the fact that Mr. White laid information before the President and officials at Washington which led to the investigation of certain departments. White, the citizen, started the ball to rolling, and it was he who first suggested Mr. Bristow as the man to do the investigating.

HURRICANE ISLAND

By H. B. Marriott Watson

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SHE HAD TURNED AND WAS SLOWLY MOUNTING THE HILL

CHAPTER XVI—THE SEA QUEEN MOVES

WE WERE not, however, bound to sea, which would, in our situation, have been madness. Better have perished under the bloody hands of the mutineers than adventure on a wide ocean, without sail or food or compass, to die of thirst, exposure or starvation. Legrand took the boat well out on that tranquil water before swinging her about to reach the island a wide mark away from the Sea Queen. We had no guess as to what size the island might be, but hoped that it might be sufficiently large to provide us a hiding-place, and with opportunities of securing food.

The night was placid, and the sea like a smooth lake When we had got some way out, and the sounds of the water against the yacht, together with the human noises of her crew, had faded, a singular silence fell. The plash of the oars was the only sound that broke on the ears. The air was soft and serene; Nature seemed to have at last relented, and to be out of key with those tragic deeds committed on the Sea Queen. As I sat, passing such reflections in my mind, I heard a voice at my ear in French·

" But, monsieur, where is my mistress?"

It was Juliette, faithful still. I had to explain, and she cried out in alarm, and then was silent. She was, above all, a practical woman, as I had gathered, and no doubt she saw the position. Mademoiselle was gone, and it was patent how she was gone. Holgate's words had put her fate beyond uncertainty. She was in the hands of the mutineers, but with what object I could not guess. Possibly Holgate had some thought that she was privy to the hiding of the treasure. If he did I knew better. But, meanwhile, whatever design he had, it was not likely that mademoiselle was in danger Probably, indeed, she was suffering less discomfort at the moment than she had endured during the last few hours. If we were destined to destruction by the mutineers, as I had no doubt, Holgate was biding his time. It may be that he still had some suspicion that one or more of us knew the secret he sought. So he held his hand.

Under Legrand's guidance the boat grounded with a dull, soft, swishing noise on sand, and in the darkness we effected our landing. That done, it remained to conceal our craft in case of emergencies, which we succeeded in doing under a spreading patch of bushes well above the reach of the tides. Then the question of shelter faced us.

This part of the island appeared from the trend of the ground to move more gently upward among dwarf trees and shrubs, and, plunging almost at random into the night, we hit upon a knoll at the base of which was a hollow screened by some bushes. Here we decided to stay till the sun was up. Legrand helped Lane, who was badly fatigued, and Ellison made himself useful all round, paying complimentary attentions to the French maid. As for me, I am not ashamed to say that I had but one thought just then, and that was to render the Princess comfortable. I found some dry ferns and piled them up as a couch, so that she was protected from the hard, unyielding earth, and then I bade her sleep. She had not spoken since we had entered the boat, and she rendered herself submissively as a helpless child to my directions. She lay down, and I was aware that she was looking into the depth of Heaven, where a few stars shone dimly. She was thinking of her brother, and, dear heart, I pitied her. I yearned toward her as the lover yearns to his mistress, with the single desire that he may comfort and solace and protect her. Ah, well, my secret had been no secret to me for many days. There was only one divine woman on earth, and she lay upon a rude couch in a savage island, under the naked stars, and stared to Heaven

I fell asleep at last, and, when I awoke, stiff from the earthy bed, the night was receding westward. The dawn was emerging in pearl and grays, and a little light was suffused about the hollow. It was still warm. My companions slept, some tossing restlessly, but the Princess lay almost as if she had been sleeping under the hand of death. Her bosom moved regularly, her parted lips disclosed the even white of her teeth, she was safe from fears and immune from sorrows now, at least, and I thanked God. I got up and pushed my way through the bushes toward the beach on which the high tide rumbled monotonously. Each moment the light grew stronger, and I had walked only a little way before I was enabled to make out the loom of the yacht some half-mile or more away. I mounted the rise behind our sleeping place, and now perceived that the land ran upward from where we were into a central ridge, dotted on the slopes with trees. On the southeasterly side the island appeared to be broken, and to conclude in rocks, and here was where the Sea Queen lay, with a seaward list. It was plain, then, that so small a sanctuary would not offer us adequate protection from Holgate if he wished to pursue us, and my heart sank as I considered the position. Would he, at the best, leave us to our fate on the island? And if so, would that be more merciful than dispatching us by the bullet of the assassin?

I returned to my companions to find Legrand and the French maid awake. Juliette was serviceable as of old. She inquired of me sweetly what chance her mistress had, and took my assurances philosophically. She would do her duty, I was sure, but I doubted the depth of her affections. She came of sound, sensible, peasant blood. And this was what was needed at the moment, for we had to see to some breakfast. Legrand agreed to mount guard while I went on an excursion of investigation along the north shore. Here I was hidden from the eyes of those on board the Sea Queen by the intervening range of hills. It took me just twenty minutes of strolling to reach the farther end of the island, where the barren rocks swarmed with gulls and other seabirds, from which you may draw some idea as to the dimensions of our domain. I obtained some seagulls' eggs from the nests on the rocks, having to beat off some of the infuriated creatures to secure my booty, and, thus supplied, returned to the camp The remainder of the party were now awake, and Juliette prepared the eggs, roasting them in the sand by the aid of hot ashes. As we were well-nigh famished I think we all ate with appetite, except the Princess, who was still very silent

" Princess," I said to her presently, " if a man lose half his treasure will he then throw away the other half recklessly?"

She looked at me in wonder. " You have lost a brother " I continued; " but you have your own life which God gave you to guard."

" Yes," she said slowly. " I know you are right, but it is hard. I will try; but——" she shivered. " It is hard, so hard to forget. I live in a nightmare by day; it is only in sleep I can forget."

But she ate her breakfast after that, and a little later accompanied me to a spring Ellison had discovered, for a drink of water. As we stood there in the morning sunshine, the fair wind tossing her skirts, she faced me gravely.

" You have not given up hope, then?"

" No," said I frankly. " We are not beaten yet. I think I shall be able to restore you to Europe, to hand you back to your uncle's palace."

She looked away to sea. " We were to have given up that for always—Frederic and I," she said softly. " We arranged it between us "

" Princess " I said, " you did not approve I have always known it You consented out of love for him. And now you shall go back."

She shook her head. " It is too late. The mill will never grind with the waters that are passed I did not—I was afraid. Yes; but I made up my mind. He was all I had, and now I have nothing—I am alone."

It was impossible to assure her. There was no consolation possible now, whatever might come hereafter. Her eyes encountered mine

" But I am grateful—oh, so grateful to those who stood by him to the end, and risked their lives for him," she said in a broken voice, and with tears in her eyes, and she put out her hand impulsively. I took it, and my voice was almost as broken as hers.

" It is not true you are alone," I said; " for those who stood by your brother belong to you. They would die for you."

" My friend," she murmured. " No; I am not alone "

Legrand expressed great anxiety that we should improve our position, which, indeed, left us a prey to any attack. We therefore wended our way along the northern beach toward the rocks in the hope of hitting upon a situation in which we might have some chance of defense. The scarp descended boldly into the blue water here, and the edges were planted with brushwood. Brushwood, too, seamed the slope of the hills, interspersed with larger trees. Here and there the rough rock outcropped and was broken, no doubt by the winds of that tempestuous sea, or by the frosts. Legrand and I mounted, leaving the others below, and ascended to the top of the rise, from which the shafts of our eyes went down upon the southern beach. But the Sea Queen was concealed from view by the abutment of hill which sloped outward and formed an arm to a pleasant little ravine. From the top of this a stream bubbled out of the rock and fell downward in a jet of silver. Legrand stooped to refresh himself with a draft preparatory to turning back, for it was not advisable that we should venture lower upon that side of the hills. As he did so he stopped suddenly and straightened himself. With his hand he beckoned to me, pointing to the hillside. I looked, and saw what was in his mind. Just under the summit the rock-stratum emerged in mass, and on one side the earth yawned in a hole

Cautiously we approached. It was the mouth of a shallow cavern some twelve feet through and some twenty feet in width. The cave admitted us by stooping.

" The very place," said he significantly. " It's near water, too, and has this advantage, that we can overlook the beach by which any movement will be made. "

WE COULD DESCRY THE FORM OF THE SEA QUEEN FORGING SLOWLY OUT TO SEA

That was in my thoughts, also, and we rejoined our companions well satisfied. But some preparations were necessary before we installed ourselves in our new quarters. We made a larder of eggs, and piled a heap of brushwood before the door of our house. So long as there were no mutineers in sight we should have liberty to come and go over the brow of the hill; and upon the north side, in a little dip, we built our fireplace, so that the smoke would not rise and attract the notice of the Sea Queen.

These arrangements occupied a great part of the morning, during all which time we saw nothing of Holgate's men. No doubt they were busily engaged in their hunt for the Prince's treasure.

The day passed wearily enough, but in safety; and with the fall of night we felt even more secure, for our hiding-place could not be discovered in the darkness. I reckoned that we were not, as the crow flies, more than a few hundred yards from where the yacht lay aground, and in the greater stillness that seems to fall at night sounds reached us from the mutineers. As I sat at the door of the cave, with the stars overhead, I caught a snatch of song rolling up from below, and presently other voices joined in. A little later there was a riotous burst of noise, as from a quarrel in progress. Had the treasure been found, and were the sailors celebrating their triumph, or was this merely a drunken debauch? It sounded as if the latter were the true alternative. In their disappointment the mutineers had gone to the rum cask for consolation. As time went on the sounds increased, and I listened to them with a trembling fear for the unfortunate woman who was still aboard. Black of heart as those men undoubtedly were in their sober moments and under the influence of the lust of gold, what would they be when inflamed by spirits and in the throes of angry chagrin?

As I watched I was conscious that some one had issued from the cave on light feet and stood by my side. A low voice addressed me, but before she had spoken I knew who it was. My heart could not have failed to recognize her.

"Do you fear attack?"

"No, Princess," said I, "not to-night. They don't know where we are, and, besides, they are quarreling among themselves."

She was silent for a time, and then, "That unhappy woman!" she sighed.

"She has lost all she cared for. I am sorry for her," I answered.

"Yes," she said slowly. "I suppose so; but what does any one of us care for? What does it all mean? The puzzle is too great for me. I am shaken."

"You must trust yourself," I said impulsively; "trust yourself to those who care for you."

"You are good," she replied softly.

"Princess——" I began, but she interposed quickly:

"Do not call me that. I am no Princess. I have given all up. I am just Alix Morland."

"You will go back," said I, "and resume your rightful place in courts, and this will only remain to you as a horrid nightmare."

"I shall remember the evil dream. Yes," she said. "But I shall also remember some heroic souls and noble deeds. But it will not be in courts."

She was silent again, but presently said in a hesitating voice: "Doctor Phillimore. I never wanted that marriage. I was always against it, and now I am sorry. Poor Frederic! I was the traitor to him."

"No, no," I said, "but a loyal and devoted heart. Why are you here? Because, even though you mistrusted his judgment, you sacrificed yourself to your affection for him. The test of true affection is to stand by when you disapprove. Any one can stand by if he approves."

"And it has all come to this!" she said with a sigh.

"This is not the end," said I stoutly.

Suddenly she laid her hand on my arm. "What has become of her?" she asked. "What has been her fate?"

To say the truth I knew not what to reply, and the trouble in her voice declared itself again. "Can we do nothing?" she asked distressfully. "I did not like her, but can we do nothing? It is dreadful to . . ."

I found my voice then. "Not to-night, but to-morrow," I replied soothingly. "She will take no harm to-night." But I wished I had been as sure as I seemed.

About noon on the following day we took our first sight of the mutineers. A knot emerged into view on the beach below and spread out presently toward the wooded valley. This gave me some concern, for I guessed that they might be searching for us, by Holgate's directions. He had threatened to visit us. Was he now fulfilling that threat? In any case, if they were hunting for us we must in the end be run to earth in that small island. And then would come the final act. We had two revolvers and a limited amount of ammunition to defend ourselves against the resources of the mutineers, to whom the yacht was open. We saw no more of them, however, for two hours, and then they came straggling back toward the little bluff behind which the Sea Queen lay. If they had been looking for us they were so far foiled. But that was not the last of them. The boat which had landed the first lot of mutineers had returned to the yacht, and now again struck the beach with a fresh complement of hands. Were they to renew the pursuit? I looked down from our eyrie, scarcely more than half a mile away, with some misgivings. Legrand was upon the other side of the hill on an exploration of his own, and Lane and Ellison were still wounded men. I peered from behind our pile of brushwood, and awaited events. The second gang of mutineers

"STAND, OR I FIRE!" I SAID, LEVELING MY WEAPON

had brought a keg with them, and I saw them tap it. Only too clearly was its nature revealed. They had come ashore to an orgy. I counted four of them, and thought I recognized one or two of the figures. Holgate evidently was not with them, for his form would have been unmistakable, nor could I discern Pye. But why were they there? I could only answer my question on the assumption that they had found the treasure and were making merry. Yet it was not like Holgate to give them the reins so completely unless he had some purpose to serve by his complaisance.

Hurricane Island, as the mutineer had dubbed it, lay under the broad face of the sun, and the cascade sparkled at my feet on its run to the sea. Down below the ruffians were engaged in drinking themselves into a condition of maudlin merriment. Well, so much the better, I reflected, for I had made up my mind that now, if ever, was the time to inquire into the fate of mademoiselle. When Legrand returned the debauch had developed, and the boat was clumsily put out to sea by two of the hands. Evidently a fresh supply of rum had been requisitioned; for shortly afterward the boat returned and two more kegs were rolled out upon the beach. This time it also brought Holgate himself, together with a companion, whom I made out to be Pye. The men lolled in the sun, smoking and drinking, and now singing snatches of song. What was Holgate about to let them get into this condition?

Well, Holgate probably knew his own affairs. If he had not carefully calculated every step in this situation I should have been much astonished. He himself, as far as I could see, took little part in the orgy, but the clamor of voices grew louder and reached us in our retreat very distinctly. We could even catch the names and some of the words that flew about. The talk was boisterous, but I doubted if it was overmerry. Had they been baffled by the treasure, after all? I counted them again, and came to the conclusion that almost the whole of the decimated company must be ashore. If that were so it was time for my excursion. Presently, when the dark came, it might be too late.

My plan, as I explained it to Legrand, was this: I would descend across the spur of the hill, under cover of the bushes, and climb down the steeper heights that faced the Sea Queen. She lay scarce more than a hundred yards from the island, and it would be easy to reach her by swimming. If mademoiselle were safe on board, as I conjectured, we could take advantage of a boat to reach the northern beach, and so make our escape without being seen by any of the mutineers ashore. As for those on the ship, if there were any, I must deal with them as chance suggested.

Legrand was doubtful as to my venture, his philosophy being summed up in the adage, "let well enough alone"; but he consented that the experiment should be tried, when I pressed it. He had in the course of his ramblings discovered in the north side of the hill another cavern, which he declared would serve us on an emergency as a second hiding-place. It was quite possible that we might be driven from burrow to burrow like rabbits, and so it behooved us to examine well the lines of our retreat.

I started on my journey just as the sun went down, spreading a deep rose color on the western waters. I walked cautiously and deliberately, making deviations in my slanting course across the spur, so as to keep within the screen of the bushes. I had not gone more than a hundred yards when I was aware that I was being followed, and I stopped and looked back. To my amazement I saw the Princess coming up rapidly in my wake. She had evidently sped down the ravine and was a little out of breath. This had imparted some color to her pale face, a color which made her radiantly beautiful.

"Princess!" I said in surprise.

"I am come after you," she said hurriedly, "because I don't want you to go. Oh, don't go, please. I did not know you were going until you were gone. Mr. Legrand told me so when I asked after you. But you must not go. I know you are going because of what I said last night. But you must not. . . . It is too dangerous. Oh, did you not see that band of assassins there? They are wolves, they are ravening, fierce wolves. You will perish."

My heart throbbed hard: harder than it had done before through all those terrible days of anxiety. I took her hand. "Princess," I said, "I must go." I held her hand tightly. "You see that I must go. But, ah, I will not forget your kindness."

"They will kill you," she burst out.

"No," I shook my head and smiled. "God bless you. You are the most kind and most beautiful woman in life. God bless and keep you!"

I kissed her hand and turned and went down.

She stood a while as if lost in thought, and when I looked back I thought I could read upon her face trouble and fear. I would have gone back to her if I had dared, but had I done so I must have taken her in my arms.

I kept my face steadily toward the descent, and when I at last summoned courage to adventure the gaze she had turned and was slowly mounting the hill.

My eyes left her and went downward to the beach. I was almost at the top of the spur which rolled over toward the bay on which the yacht had stranded. What was my horror to notice some excitement among the mutineers, and to see a man with his face toward the hill, and an uplifted arm. The Princess had been discovered.

I stood stock still, rooted to the ground with my apprehensions, and then several of the mutineers began to run toward the ravine. I started at once on a race up the slope. Looking down, I saw the full pack streaming up the valley, and I redoubled my exertions. I was some distance away, but I had not so far to go as they. The Princess stopped, arrested by the drunken shouts from below, and then suddenly broke into a run. She had recognized her danger. I bounded through the bushes, and cut across to intercept the wolves. It was all a matter of five minutes, and then I stopped, and awaited their arrival.

The first man, who was without a weapon, came to a pause a dozen paces from me.

(Continued on Page 21)

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Illiterate Knowledge

AN ACQUAINTANCE once expressed surprise that Thomas B. Reed, who had keen appreciations for the niceties of learning, should devote much of his time to a man who was famously deficient in diction and grammar. The remark was repeated to Mr. Reed, and his reply was characteristic. He declared that his illiterate friend was, in reality, one of the most intelligent men he had ever known; that his knowledge, though unlettered, was broad, clear, sane and human. He added that some of the best educated men he knew were men without book education.

We find these men of natural and acquired knowledge in every walk of life. It is the habit of the frivolous to ridicule their lapses, and the thoughtless constantly express wonder that they should amount to anything in the life and business of the times. As a matter of fact, many of the men who have given money for educational institutions and whose ideas have contributed much to the development of education itself could not at any time of their lives have passed the examinations of the primary department of a public school. But their intelligence was larger than mere rules.

We have unconsciously brought the distinction into our terms of speech. The ready man we accept as one who has the common-sense and information in his head. He has it at his fingers' tips, we say. He knows what's what, we add. He is at home in any situation, we add again, and so on through all the synonyms of plain knowledge. At the same time we look upon the finely-trained man, the man of learning, as one who can grind out ideas, who can cram, catch an idea, catch on, get up a subject, and all the variations of the ability to use the education which he has acquired. We need not underestimate either kind of knowledge in order to appreciate both.

The difference is simply a recognition of conditions. We laughed when, in reply to congratulations upon a signal duty nobly performed in a crisis, an American Governor replied: "I seen my duty and I done it," but we never thought, even amid our smiles, that there was real ignorance in the man who performed the public service.

And truly, in these days of educational skim milk in fancy vessels it is a delight to wander into a solid farmhouse and get honest cream from the old stone crock.

Neither for Russia nor for Japan

RUSSIA is sending us eminent citizens to remonstrate with us for being "pro-Japanese." And Japan is sending us eminent citizens to assure us that we are right in being "anti-Russian." We are glad to see both, but we cannot in honesty say that either is in possession of the exact truth about us.

We are, in fact, pretty strongly opposed to almost everything that is essentially Japanese, just as we are opposed to almost everything that is essentially Russian. We don't approve of monarchy, whether constitutional or autocratic. We detest theories of social organization that fix political differences of rank and right. As human beings we like our fellow-beings, Russian no less—and no more—than Jap.

What we admire in this present war is the energy and preparedness and intelligence of the Japanese—and do not the Russians admire it, too? What we deplore is the misfortune of the Russians in being betrayed into war by a little group of unscrupulous military, naval and civilian promoters intrusted with command in the Far East. And probably the Russians will deplore it far more than do we before long, if they do not now.

An Arctic Inheritance

BECAUSE a small portion of the ancestors of a small fraction of us came from countries that had cold or very cold summers, we, as a nation—that is, the masculine half of us—spend the summer in winter clothes. On the hottest days the men in the streets of an American city are dressed in woolen garments; most of them go without waistcoats; more still in unstarched shirts, but the general effect and feeling is hot, mussy and miserable.

We are slowly learning wisdom—but it is very, very slowly. Here, again, is an illustration of how slow man is to change the habits inherited from his ancestors. If a new idea in such a concrete, obvious thing as sensible summer dress spreads so slowly, what wonder that snails are swift in comparison with the march of abstract ideas making for wiser, and cleaner, and more sensible conduct in public affairs.

Leisurely Destiny

BEFORE deciding that the solution of the negro question by the methods by which such questions have always heretofore been solved must be despaired of, it may not be amiss to consider that—

First—Slavery has been abolished less than one brief generation.

Second—A large proportion of the Southern population of to-day was alive when slavery existed.

Third—It would be unprecedented and even miraculous if there were any appreciable change in the mass of the enslaved race before even the grandchildren of slaves had disappeared.

Fourth—The problem of ignorance, laziness, brutality and unteachableness is, unfortunately, not so narrow as the boundaries of any race or section. On the other hand, that problem, as history teaches us, does yield to time—always, *always* to time.

Man is so impatient! The forces of destiny are so leisurely!

A Postponed Funeral

THE churches—for recent example, the Methodists—are rapidly withdrawing their governing hands from those matters of individual conduct and belief which it was once their chief concern to regulate. And the power of "the organization" of political parties over their members grows swiftly less—as the shifts in election returns and the decay of party "organs" prove. In these two facts lies the evidence that to the centralizing forces which are so rapidly doing away with individual action and are substituting action by the mass there is opposed a healthful, potent individualistic force which is destroying leadership in and tyranny over thought, and is substituting for it the utmost freedom in individual criticism and opinion.

It is not his action but his thought that determines whether a human being is a pawn or a man. So we must put off tolling the bell for the funeral of individualism.

Our Wonderful Political Machinery

WHEN our Republic began its career under the Constitution there were fears that its size would make the vast machine of government unworkable. There were special apprehensions concerning the choice of a President—that elective monarch whose glittering position might be expected to engender rivalries resembling the dynastic struggles of European kingdoms.

The framers of the Constitution tried to diminish the dangers of a Presidential election by removing the choice as far as possible from the people and putting it into the hands of a select body of electors who might be expected to act with wisdom and sobriety, but they were dubious of the outcome. And at first their doubts seemed to be justified. The universal popularity of Washington carried the country safely through the first two Presidential elections, but after his retirement the rivalries of parties and factions threatened civil war, if not anarchy.

The country is sixteen times as populous now as it was when Jefferson was elected. The mere increase from one Presidential election to another is greater now than the total population was then. We shall have what would then have been the unheard-of and absolutely terrifying spectacle of 16,000,000 voters expressing their choice at the polls. In Jefferson's time the Presidential electors were chosen by the State Legislatures. Yet our political machinery has been so perfected that it performs the gigantic tasks of to-day more smoothly than it performed the petty work of a century ago. Small men can govern a great country now more easily than great men could govern a small country then.

The quadrennial miracle of nominating, electing and inaugurating a President is carried out with so little trouble or friction that we hardly realize what an extraordinary thing it is. Nothing like it has ever been known in any other age or country. The institution of elective monarchy, which is what our Presidential system really is, has never been worked anywhere on such a scale, and never on any scale at all with any long-continued success. French and Swiss Presidents are figureheads, and Latin-American Presidents are military chiefs. But we have acquired the knack of electing a constitutional monarch for a four-years' term with such facility that there seems to be no limit to the capacity of our machinery. Apparently it will work just as well for a population of 500,000,000 as for one of 80,000,000.

The Voice of the Prophet

THIS is a great time for excitement about ourselves as a people—our past, our present, our destiny. Torrents of oratory are gushing over the land, and the voice of the prophet is heard at every crossroads.

Well, it is difficult to get at the truth about the past, impossible to see either present or future as they are. But, in a general sort of a way, we seem to be in a transition era. First, there was the era of pioneering. Everybody had to work mighty hard for precious little, with the result that the splendid American character was created—sturdy, resourceful, sound. Now is the era of prosperity—more to do than there are competent hands to do it, fortunes easily made by the shrewd, a spirit of recklessness and laxity in even the sober and steadygoing. Sooner or later must come the difficult conditions again—for competent hands are developing and opportunities for getting rich quick are lessening.

In that coming era the American will be put to the test; and what will become of America depends upon how much of the ancestral fibre has remained unweakened by the assaults of the era of flush times.

A Tip from the Politicians

OUR politicians teach us so many things unworthy of emulation that it is a genuine pleasure to recognize their occasional merits; and it happens that the best example they set is the one most needed in the business and domestic life of the day.

Before each convention it is the habit of the politicians of every party that has any life in it to wrangle extravagantly. Factions proclaim their contentions with a vigor of word and action that would seem to mean their withdrawal from party allegiance if their special claims and candidates were not accepted without compromise or equivocation. When the conventions assemble there is the sharp clash of interests and ambitions, each vowing never to surrender one jot or tittle of its plans and purposes, and every one using the straightest, hardest language at hand. So it goes until the votes are taken—and then the factions come together, everything is ratified, and all go home to work in harmony for the success of the ticket and the platform.

The great thing is that the politicians bring their differences to a settling point when they assemble their divided energies for a mass movement. After the decision they know from experience that if they waste their strength on side issues or minor candidacies they ride to defeat; so they unite, sink past quarrels, and work for the common end. In that respect a great campaign in America is educational and electrifying.

Most large business failures, most church disasters, most social fractures, most professional ruptures, are caused by the fact that their competing and contending parts do not reach a settling point, a line of agreement along which all can work in enough concert to make a common success. This, of course, brings up the question of compromise. There are certain ones who, believing they are right, look upon compromise as sinful. And yet, without compromise, what would be the result? Lecky, probably the sanest and wisest historian of our generation, said: "If the absolute independence of individual judgment were pushed to its extreme, political anarchy would ensue. The complete concurrence of a large number of independent judgments in a complicated measure is impossible."

As in politics so in business and life in general. There is no large commercial concern that does not have its differences and contentions almost daily, but the heads of departments and members of the firm and special men fight out their battles in the office, doing their best to get the best they can for their own views; but if they are wise they quit their strife when the decision is made and use their forces for the work the decision demands. It is a mighty good thing to have these competitions, for they stir up the blood and make things move.

But the point to note and keep clearly in mind is not to let factional disturbances get into the main game.

South Africa After the War

By W. T. STEAD

STATE ATTORNEY SMUTS

The Boer Generals in Peace

JUDGE J. B. M. HERTZOG

ONE of the most interesting personages in South Africa is Mrs. Joubert, the widow of the famous general to whose pacific tenderness and humanitarian sympathies the Boers largely owed their defeat. Mrs. Joubert is one of the most notable women in Boerdom. She is living in honored widowhood in the family mansion at Pretoria. There, one Sunday afternoon, I found her in company with her son and her husband's secretary, who acted as interpreter. Mrs Joubert is a woman of the old, stern type, a mother in Israel, a Deborah among her people. Of all the notable South African women she alone served in the wars There were others here and there who played a warrior's part in the late war But Mrs. Joubert alone among the notables played a part in actual warfare She did this not as an independent fighter but as her husband's indispensable *alter ego*. She was in more senses than one his better half She accompanied him whenever he went on commando She slept in his tent or in the open by his side. She helped him to load his guns in the days before breechloaders rendered such aid superfluous. She is said to have assisted in training his artillery. It was she rather than her husband who was the real hero or heroine of Majuba It was her keen eye that detected the movement of the British troops when they endeavored to steal a march upon the unsuspecting Boers, and it was her sharp, short word of warning that began the battle which ended so fatally for British *amour propre*

After Majuba she accompanied her husband to London and after his return shared all his counsels in peace as in war When an attempt was made to elect Joubert President instead of Paul Kruger a shrewd Dutch wife remarked that if Mrs Joubert had been candidate Paul Kruger might have been beaten; for General Joubert was a man of open mouth who shouted his secrets to the world, whereas Mrs. Joubert was reserved, reticent and discreet beyond most women

General Joubert was a fine type of a liberal Boer, of trusting temperament, and of a forgiving disposition. Not until the fatal day when war began could he really be brought to believe that the English meant to take his country from him He was commander-in-chief of the Boer forces at the time of the Jameson Raid. So absolutely confident was he in the good faith of his British neighbors that he had allowed the stock of ammunition to run so low that it was with the utmost difficulty General Cronje was able to procure cartridges for the commando which captured Doctor Jameson and his merry men at Krugersdorp. It is true that just before the Raid the Boers, alarmed by the threatened action of Great Britain in what was known as the drifts' question on the Orange Free State frontier, had sent a first order to Europe for rifles and cartridges. But so inveterate was General Joubert's optimism that even at the council of war, held after the Raid, which came near indicting him for high treason for the emptiness of the arsenals of the republic, he had such gayety of spirit as to propose to countermand the order just dispatched to Europe on the ground that the need had been locally supplied—by the capture, to wit, of Jameson's six hundred rifles and ammunition, and the surrender of the few thousand rifles which the reformers and Mr Rhodes had smuggled into Johannesburg. The guidance of the destinies of the republics was, however, in firmer hands, and the work of arming the Boers went on, quietly at first, but afterward with leaps and bounds when the scandal of the Committee of No Inquiry in London convinced the Boers that Mr Chamberlain was a cat's paw in Mr Rhodes' hands

When the fatal moment approached, and the war which Lord Milner had engineered with such ruthless resolution was

GENERAL C. H. DE WET

on the eve of breaking out, General Joubert wrote a letter to the Queen of England setting forth in plain, honest, soldierlike fashion the injustice of the demands that were being forced upon his country. In him and in his wife there dwelt in those days a great faith in the honesty and good faith of the English Queen. If only she could be made to hear the truth of the matter. General Joubert was informed that his letter was not couched in a form that rendered its presentation to the Queen possible, and it was returned to him Even then, although desponding, he did not despair. He was strongly opposed to any initiative of attack on the side of the Boers His counsel was that, after the rejection of the last appeal to arbitration which was conveyed in the ultimatum, the Boers should stand to arms within their own frontier, awaiting attack but scrupulously refraining from any incursion upon British territory. By the adoption of such tactics he counted confidently upon securing the assistance, first, of the Liberal opposition and of the peace party in the Conservative ranks, and, secondly, upon the possible chance of the friendly mediation of foreign powers.

His counsels were rejected. The Boers, having made up their minds that England had resolved to annex their country, had only one idea—that of selling their lives as dearly as possible The waiting tactics recommended by Joubert was alien to the genius of their nation. If there was to be war let them strike when they had their enemy at a disadvantage, before his reënforcements could be sent to the front. General Joubert was overruled, and reluctantly assented to the invasion of Natal. Legend says that when he heard the first shot fired across the Natal frontier he remarked: "There goes the independence of the two republics." The story, if not true, is, at least, well invented

It is one of the most difficult things in the world to realize that on the adoption of new tactics nothing is more fatal than a clinging to the ideas of the abandoned strategy. General Joubert was perfectly right in believing that he had at least a chance of saving the independence of the republics if he could have kept the Boers within their own frontier. But when once the Rubicon was passed their only chance lay in what in the Bigtow Papers is described as "pisen-mad, pig headed fighting." General Joubert shrank from facing the logical corollary of the policy which had been forced upon him by his younger and more resolute companions. If he had struck hard and struck at once there is not the slightest question among military men but that the Boers would have been at the gates of Durban and of Cape Town before the British had landed sufficient troops to maintain their foothold in South Africa. But General Joubert shrank from "massacring the poor people." Even when he had General Buller on the run at Colenso he obstinately refused to follow up his advantage Forgetting that the best defensive is ever a vigorous offensive, he sat down before Ladysmith, allowed the commandos to roost around Kimberley and Mafeking, and so the chance went by forever

General Joubert died just at the moment when his scheme of campaign went to pieces before his eyes. His wife, who had never quitted his side during all the toils of the campaign, asserted as her right the privilege of acting as one of the bearers of his coffin to the grave. Then, the last sad rites having been rendered to her dead, the woman returned to Pretoria, where I am glad to be able to state that, in marked contrast to what happened to other Boer women, she was treated with respect by the British military authorities, who placed a sentinel in khaki at her door to protect her from the pillage which was the usual fate of such houses under British occupation

When I met Mrs. Joubert I asked her if she had any message that she wished to be addressed to the English nation Her reply was short and to the point "I want to know," she said, "if they are going to let me have my country back again? When I was a seven years' girl I came out with my parents to this country seeking for a place where we could be free without interference from England. You gave us no rest You followed after us and took one country from us. Then you gave it back to us Now you have taken away my country again. When are you going to give it back?" When I endeavored to explain that under the system of the British colonial self government the Boers would be as free as if they were still under the republican flag, she shook her head. "If you are to try that," she said, "the first thing to be done is to take away your Lord Milner, who has sworn to break the neck of our Afrikander people, and who insulted Dutch women who came to Government House, telling them they must learn to be cook-slaves. Send us back, if you will, your fierce tiger, Kitchener. We will settle down better under him than under Lord Milner, who is the enemy of all Afrikanders and who insults our women."

There spoke the true Boer woman. The Boer men are reasonable and reconcilable enough. But the Boer women are implacable

They have suffered too much to forgive and to forget. They see in Milner the ruthless enemy of their race. Rachel may forgive Herod, but she never forgets the massacre of the innocents.

GENERAL JOUBERT'S FUNERAL

GENERAL AND MRS. BOTHA

A woman of a very different type to Mrs. Joubert is the wife of the young general who succeeded Joubert as the chief commander of the forces of the South African Republic. Mrs. Louis Botha lives with her father and her children in a charming one-storied house in what may be described as the suburban district of Pretoria. Mrs. Joubert is old, sallow, and somewhat haggard and gaunt of aspect, as befits a woman who has been through the wars. She is of the old stock of the voor-trekkers, between whom and the British there is an age-long feud. Mrs. Louis Botha is of Irish descent. Her maiden name, Emmett, connects her with one of the best known martyrs to the cause of Irish freedom. She is still in the prime of her youth, with all the fascination of the mother added to the grace and beauty of the wife.

In Louis Botha she has a husband of whom she has every reason to be proud. In appearance he is a striking contrast to his wife. He is stalwart of build and dark of visage, but they are well matched in temperament and sentiment. If Mrs. Botha comes of Irish stock, General Botha was born under the British flag in the colony of Natal. He is as devoted a patriot as any old Boer from the Lack veldt. But he is a man of education, a politician as well as a soldier, an opportunist in the best sense of that much abused word; therefore, he is the natural leader of his people in critical times. He is a man of genial mood, ready of speech in at least three languages, and with a heart that feels almost too acutely the sufferings of his people.

He is strongly in favor of the establishment of responsible self-government in the Transvaal and the Orange Free State. But, like all other Boers, he is resolutely opposed to basing the electoral system upon a numerical basis. It has long been an established rule in British colonies that representation should be based on interests rather than on numbers. If the new legislature were to be elected by mere count of noses the transient foreign population of Johannesburg might have supreme authority over all the rest of the country. "We had rather be governed by Downing Street than by Johannesburg," is the general opinion of most South Africans. Not that General Botha has much love for Downing Street. He has had too much experience of its shifty ways and of the cynical disregard of its obligations. But he is none the less quick to seize the advantage of being converted against his will into a British subject, nor is he slow to see that even Lord Milner could not long persist in treating the Boers as if they were only second or third-class subjects of the Crown.

Jacobus De la Rey, although French in extraction, as his name implies, had undergone the complete transformation to which the fathers of the voor-trekkers had subjected the Huguenot immigrants. In appearance he is still strikingly French; but in speech, in habit of thought and in mode of life he is as Dutch as President Kruger himself. He had the reputation in the old days of being a man of his word, and his conduct during and since the war has won for him a world-wide reputation as a Bayard of courtesy and good faith.

The De la Reys are a somewhat large family. Two of its members took part in the somewhat dubious adventure in which Stellaland would have been jumped for the Boer republics but for the belated dispatch of a British army under Sir Charles Warren for the purpose of securing to the Empire the great north road to the land of Ophir. Jacobus, who is now the only De la Rey of whom the world knows anything, held aloof from these expeditions. He remained with his good Boer wife on his farm at Lichtenburg, bringing up his large family in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

Mrs. De la Rey is a homely countrywoman of great good sense, strong maternal instinct and a deep religious temperament. The little book describing her adventures during the war, when she and her children were hunted about the veldt by the British troops, who had avenged themselves upon her unconquerable husband by burning his homestead to the ground, is one of the most interesting and suggestive of the minor books of the war.

General De la Rey since the war, or rather since his return from Europe, which he visited together with Generals Botha and De Wet, has lived in retirement near the ruins of his old house at Lichtenburg. Occasionally he emerges, and a few sentences from some speech of his appears in the papers; but for the most part he lives in seclusion, devoting himself to the completion of his story of the war as it was visible from his own camp; the manuscript is almost complete. The work is, like its author, more sedate and less sensational than General De Wet's popular book, but probably of more value as a permanent contribution to the history of the prolonged and glorious although temporarily unsuccessful struggle for national independence.

General De la Rey is not so well educated a man as General Botha. He is also of a more retiring disposition. But in peace as in war, there is no man who stands higher in the estimation of his countrymen and no one who is more certain to play a leading part when the Milnerian régime is over and the South Africans are once more permitted to try their hand at the government of South Africa.

The war used up all the old generals. But it produced a crop of young commanders whose daring and military skill recalled—of course, on a very small scale—the exploits of the marshals who were improvised by Napoleon. It was a curious phenomenon, this evolution of military genius from the raw material of lawyers and doctors and simple peasants. Necessity, that stern mother of invention, has other children, and when elderly lawyers were suddenly ordered to take command of batteries of artillery some of them woke up to the discovery that they had the instinct for command and the genius for victory. Among the lawyers who preeminently distinguished themselves in the later stages of the war are two young men, both of whom are destined to be much more widely heard of before long. One was Judge Hertzog, of the Free State; the other Attorney-General Smuts, of the South African Republic. They are both young men and both are now peacefully practicing the legal profession in the courts of Pretoria and Bloemfontein. Of the two, Hertzog commands more weight, but Smuts is extremely clever, very ambitious, and much given to studying Spinoza in the midst of his orange trees.

I have left to the last the mention of the popular hero of the war—General Christian De Wet, whose fame among his own countrymen is as great as it is among the myriads who only know him as the indomitable leader of the Boer War of Independence. General De Wet is taking little or no part in politics. He is busy with other matters—with education, for example. The one lesson he learned during the war was that it was the best-educated race which would, in the long run, govern South Africa. His old, unlettered Boers of the back veldt, although stout fighters, were, he declared, of little fighting value compared with the younger Boers who had received some education. Ages ago the Chinese sage declared that he who leads an uneducated nation to war throws them away, and General De Wet, in the true spirit of Confucius, laid down his arms with the firm resolve to devote all his energies and all his resources to improving the education of his own people. This resolution has naturally brought him into sharp collision with Lord Milner's educational project for Anglicizing the elementary schools of the country. General De Wet, in common with all his people, maintains that the new "schoolma'ams" imported from England to make little Boer boys and maidens into English-speaking subjects of King Edward are not competent to instruct the children in their own language, that they are out of sympathy with their pupils, out of touch with the parents, and professionally inferior as teachers to those whom they have replaced. Hence the Boers, under the leadership of the Dutch Reformed Church, are building private schools of their own, independent of the State, where they can educate their children in the faith and in the tongue of their fathers.

But it would be a mistake to think that General De Wet's restless energies are exhausted by the educational controversy. The great guerrilla chief is a first-class man of business. In this he is more like an American than any Boer I have met. He is what the men of the other school describe as a speculative Boer. His head is full of projects for securing control of the future development of the almost virgin resources of the country. Why, he asks, should all these valuable concessions pass into the hands of foreigners? Why should not something be done to retain in the hands of the people of the country the wealth that lies below the surface? So he is as full of all manner of schemes to defend the mineral wealth of the country from the predatory speculator for gold as he was formerly to defend the republics against the British invasion. What with concessions, syndicates and schemes for the founding of national banks, the General has his hands too full to have much time to spare for politics. General Botha sighs sometimes over this preoccupation of General De Wet in finance, and General De Wet, in his turn, wishes that some preoccupation, if not financial then of some other kind, would so absorb General Botha as to leave him no time for making political speeches. There is a time to speak and a time to be silent, says General De Wet, and now is the time to be silent.

Silent he is, although occasionally sayings of his are repeated from mouth to mouth by the countryfolk. There is a grim humor about the man which the Boer much appreciates. "Are there, then, no good Englishmen?" a Boer once asked De Wet. "Oh, yes, there are," he replied, "but they all die young." He was asked on another occasion, "Why do you not oppose the importation of the Chinese, like Botha and Smuts?" "Why should I oppose them? The Chinaman may eat out the English from the country; he will not be able to eat out the Boers." Indeed, rumor has it that General De Wet has even gone so far as to say that he should have no objection to a handful of yellow boys to aid him and his sons in cultivating his farm.

General De Wet is a man of means. The other day he sold one of his farms for $100,000. Nor is the money likely to be idle in his hand. He is a born speculator, a man of the material of which the earlier Vanderbilts were made. He is more likely to be heard of in finance and the industrial development of his country than in the political arena. But wherever he decides to invest his energies, there he will inevitably come to the top, for he is a smart man, Christian De Wet, as many of the British generals who tried to catch him napping found to their cost. And there is ample room in South Africa for such a man at such a time as this, when the whole country is in the crucible and no one can yet say what will emerge therefrom.

Editor's Note—This is the third of six papers by Mr. Stead on present conditions in South Africa.

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My Wander Day

By Elia W. Peattie

I HAD just said good-by to the cat. Mother was in the kitchen cutting out star cakes, but I did not say good-by to her.

The truth was, my father had destroyed my cave in the back yard—I was eight and old enough to know when a thing belonged to me—and I had made up my mind that it was not fit for me to live with so unjust a man. So I was running away, and was never, never to come back.

I crept in the pantry very quietly, and crouching low that I might not be seen, took two crullers from the jar, and then let myself out at the back door. It was still—the enemy was not visible. Bees were booming about, but I cared nothing about them. I never had much respect for bees. I looked down the well as I passed, and saw myself. I saw that, after all, I didn't look so very young. I was old enough to look after myself.

The old gray cat had followed me and was rubbing up against my leg.

"*You* care, pussy," I blubbered, drying my eyes on my blue gingham sleeve. "It makes a difference to you that I am going away and never, never coming back. You're a friend of mine, I can see, but you're the only one I have." I said this over and over as I went down the path, stepping on the same little patches of pusley that I always did. I reached the woodpile, passed the chopping block where I had sat a hundred times, lifted the latch of the gate—and was out in the world!

The people in the house would look for me at night—and I would be gone. They would sit down at the table without me for the first time in years and years, and after that my chair would not be put up at the table any more. Perhaps some day my father would feel sorry and would look for me. But he wouldn't find me. No, no.

Though, maybe, years from now, I might come back, a rich man who had been across the sea, and look in at the window. But I would speak to no one—except the cat.

But now there were before me the adventures and the hardships—hunger, no doubt, and cold and rags and husks and swine. I knew what I was thinking about. The family Bible had not been illustrated for nothing; and though it is true that no pigs I had ever seen compared in size or general swinishness with those with which the Prodigal Son was intimate, I believed such might be found. Indeed, I questioned the accuracy of those illustrations no more than I did the absolute truth of the book itself.

I went on down by the beach where the waves roared hungrily, and sat on a rock where I was dashed with spray. I would have been glad if the spray had been cold; but it was warm, and the wind that lashed it into foam was, in fact, a gallant summer wind, which, when I had started again upon my journey, carried me down the hard sands like a ship under full sail. Gulls flew screaming all about, but I didn't mind them. They didn't mind me, either, for I knew they thought, as they wheeled and dipped and floated, dripping the water jewels from their shining wings, that it was much, much finer to be a bird than a boy. I agreed with them, for the matter of that.

However, there was nothing to do but to make the best of it; and if a boy lacked wings he had always legs to fall back upon, and while it was certainly a nuisance to be forever stuck to the earth like a burr to a coat, still, legs rightly directed, could take a fellow along some pleasant paths. So I went on, and came upon a silver fish lying in the sun on the beach. I had often seen fishes in that dull plight before, and my father had told me they were dead. It was a good time to look into this mystery of "dead." I lifted the fish and tossed it back into the water.

"Swim, you little goose!" I cried. "Dive down into the water and don't be a silly."

But the little body lay on its side and was tossed about like paper.

"There's no sense in it," I cried angrily, a sort of shivering getting into my soul. "When Herbert Runyon died he wouldn't laugh any more. He wouldn't play; he wouldn't yell. It is horrid to be dead!"

I felt the wind sweeping and shouting all about me; the sunlight was as a blanket covering the sands and sea, and I defied earth and heaven with my indignation.

"You won't catch me being dead," I declared, shaking my fist at the dead fish. "Silly, silly, silly, to be dead!"

I ran along and along till I was out of breath, and my legs ached so that I felt as if the knees were about to double up under me, and then I crept into a sand hollow which was beautifully fluted, as if some one had gone over it with a crinkly iron; and I sat there and heard the wind roaring around me, but it could not touch me. The smell of the wild crab-apple blossoms came to me from the bush that peeped its head above the dune. I stretched myself out on the sand—hereafter, of course, it would be my portion to lie in the open air, without pillow or cover—and I went to sleep.

When I awoke a strange man was sitting near me playing with two sand toads. I sat up and looked at him.

"Hullo," said he.

"Hullo," said I.

"Do you like toads?" he asked.

"No, sir; thank you."

"Perhaps you ain't well enough acquainted with them to know what cute little fellahs they be."

I did not answer.

"Ken you git a squirrel to come down out of a tree and stand before you smoothin' his whiskers?" he inquired.

I shook my head.

"I tell you what," he went on, "there are sartain sounds a boy like you ought to know."

"Are there?"

"There's a noise that will keep a snake from biting, and one that will tame a scared horse—that noise ain't no louder than a whisper—and a noise that will bring all the little creatures about you; and another that will call an eagle down out of the sky."

"Perhaps you would teach me those noises," I said, going up and standing before him—though I did not smooth my whiskers as the squirrel would have done had he been there.

"Take care, there, don't step on my toads! Toads don't like to be stepped on any more than you like to be run over by a railroad train. And you don't like that, do you?"

"No," I answered indignantly. "Tell me about those noises, please."

"Well, there's a noise that will call the wolves up on a winter night; and a noise that will fool a doe; and a noise that will make the horses snap their halters in the stables and break out of the barn doors."

"Then teach them to me," I commanded.

"They can't be learnt by folks who live in houses," he said, looking at me with sharp little eyes.

"Don't you live in a house?" I asked.

"No," he said; "I live most anywheres else."

This was enchanting. Since I was to wander forth into the world, why not go with this man, who could call the wolves out of the woods and keep the snakes from biting?

He stopped playing with the toads, and started off down the beach, and I followed him. He paid no more attention to me, but strode on down the hard sand.

I ran, but he outstripped me and turned up into the dunes. By the time I had reached the opening into which he had turned he was out of sight, and I dared not follow him; but a moment later I heard a strange, sweet call coming down from the distance. It seemed to me likely that it might be the eagle call, and I stood staring up into the sky for a long time expecting to see a big black-winged bird dropping down to the sallow hills. But none came, so I trudged on alone.

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Presently I saw that the sun was going down. Indeed, it had already slipped so far around the world that I could not get a look at it, but I knew from the shadows that were gathering on the sea, and from the fiery red streaks across the sky, what was happening.

"In a little while," I said to myself with satisfaction, "the night will be here. It will be dark and I shall be alone upon the beach. The wind will grow cold and I shall have nothing to cover me. I am without home or father or mother." I liked the idea very much. I had never before had so many splendid reasons for being sad.

I felt it to be an important night and that something wonderful was likely to happen for my benefit. Perhaps there would be a wreck. Maybe I would dash into the breakers, a rope around my waist, and save somebody. Or very likely I would have a fight upon the sands with some one who would try to do me harm. I hoped that some one would think to fight me, for it would be very humiliating if every one were kind.

I sat on a stone and ate my crullers while the light died out of the sky. Everything got as pink as the inside of a shell—the sky, the sea, the very dunes were pink. Then, after a while, the world grew gray. To my great satisfaction a chilly wind sprang up, whispering down through the coarse grasses in the sand. I shivered, and was glad I did, and reflected that in a little while my teeth would probably be chattering. But it was much better, I told myself, to be a child driven from home by parents who did not love him than to be those parents, conscious of their awful deed.

I got up and walked along. Something solemn was happening in the world. The stars came out and looked down at me; and the waves, breaking more slowly than they had in the afternoon, seemed as if they might at any moment take a notion to roll up over the beach and swallow me.

The light grew strange, and there seemed to be moving shapes of darkness back among the dunes. These appeared to crouch and creep along the ground, keeping pace with me, but darting into the osiers among the dunes whenever I turned my head that way. Now, indeed, my teeth began to chatter. My throat was dry. My eyes felt hot; the sound of my heart pounded in my ears.

I began to run. I thought I could outstrip those crouching figures. But no, they fled and leaped and bounded along with me. If they had yelled it would not have been quite so terrifying. But they were silent. Everything was silent, and yet I could not quite hear the silence for the solemn bellowing of the sea.

At last, when my strength was failing, and the lurking shadows began to grow bolder and to pour down upon me, I saw a light. I ran toward it so swiftly that it almost seemed to me I must be flying. I fell against a little door—I knew where it was from the light that shone out about the cracks—and it burst open and I fell within a room. Then for a few moments there appeared to be nothing in the world but the noise of rapids, and all the breath in my body seemed to be trying to rush out of my lips at once. I felt myself lifted in some one's arms. Water was given me, my little gingham waist was unbuttoned at the throat, and after a time I sat up and looked about me.

I felt sure my eyes would behold a very strange place. For had I not traveled far? But it was the familiar and dirty cabin of Frank Longfoot, the half-breed, that I beheld. He sold fish to us twice a week and was as familiar to me as the well or the cat or the chopping block.

"Is—is this your own house, Frank?" I faltered.

He nodded.

"And you live where you always did?"

He nodded again. He asked if my father were outside, and from the depths of my disgust I answered "No."

He lit his pipe and sat down, puffing hard while he looked at me. I suppose he was trying to make out what my presence there meant.

"You hungry?" he asked at length. I wanted to say no, but I could not. So I assented, blushing. He got out cold potatoes and fish and a pitcher of water, and as I cleaned everything before me, I thought of how I would always be eating in places like this which were not clean and where they did not have tablecloths. That set me to wondering what my mother would do with all my things. Would she send them far away in a missionary box in order that she might never see them and be reminded of her poor little boy? I knew that was what Mrs. Runyon did when Herbert died. Or would she keep them, and sometimes go and look at them? And my father—would he, in spite of his hard heartedness, trace me, and find where I had stopped in the cottage of the half-breed, and ask which way I went?

"Frank," I said, "may I sleep here to-night, please? I can lie on the floor."

Frank said yes; but in a few moments he went out and left me. I sat up straight in my chair before my emptied plate and waited for him to return. There was a tapping at the window now and then which made me turn around quickly; and from somewhere out on that dark beach a bird with a long, hoarse cry kept calling as if it's heart were broken.

The cabin was dreadfully dirty, and I could not help thinking of the difference between it with its rags and fishy smell, and the hearth with the ashes and potato skins upon it, and the kitchen where I had left my mother cutting out star cookies. In that kitchen the floor was as white as the ocean sand, and the stove was shining and jetty black. The copper kettle stood on the back of it; and on a shelf just above were bright pans and pots. There was a bright lamp on the table evenings, and three chairs around the table all with blue cushions on them; and one of the chairs was for me. So were the slate and the books and the jackstraws and the little horseshoe magnet. So, indeed, was the bed with its blue and white coverlet in the "narrow room," between the kitchen and the big bedroom; and out in the shed was the tub of fresh water, where, every night, I washed the dust from my bare feet.

Well, all that was past and done with. The question now was what should I do in the world? I understood the building of caves, and wondered if I could not find a pirate who would like me to build caves for him. I knew how to make willow whistles, and there were boys, no doubt, who would be willing to pay a penny apiece for them. I could row a boat, and it occurred to me that perhaps I might be allowed to run a ferry somewhere across a blue river where there were fish. When I wasn't busy with the ferry I would fish; and I would have a tiny house—cleaner than Frank's—with a bit of a pier near at hand. If my father and mother chanced to go across that ferry I would not tell them who I was. I would row them over, all in my old clothes, and I would not speak to them no matter how much I wanted to.

I wondered if I wouldn't better let that poor bird in the house! It kept up that dreadful screaming out in the dark, and I felt sure it was afraid. Perhaps the crouching shapes were after it.

Frank came in just then.

"Come," he said gruffly. I did not know what he wanted, but I found my little cap and went out. I could see his old pony harnessed up to his fish-cart standing without the paling in the gloom.

"Where are you going?" I asked suspiciously. If he thought I was going to be hauled off home he was mistaken.

"Far, far 'way," he answered, waving his thin arms in a vague and mysterious gesture. That was where I wanted to go, and I was not surprised that Frank should have found out already that I was a wanderer, for I knew there were stories of how he left at certain times of the year and went back to the life of an Indian and lived as his grandfather had before him. That would suit me. I would sleep under the trees, and ride the rapids in a canoe and kill the wild deer.

I watched with some anxiety, however, to see which way Frank directed his pony's head, but when I saw him plunging off through a fresh-cut road in the osiers I was content. No doubt the forest lay beyond and wild marshes where the gray geese called. In a little while we would be where we could hear the wolves howl.

The cart bumped and rattled along for a time and then struck a smooth road.

"Lie down," said the half-breed.

I was glad to, for my back ached and I was chilly. Frank gave me a horse-blanket and after I was cuddled in the hay at the back of the cart I covered myself with it. I lay on my back where I could watch the stars. The world into which I was about to venture was large, I could see that, but at least it was not so terribly large as the sky.

A large, large world! What would it do to me? Where was I to eat breakfast and with whom? Would Frank and I have jerked meat somewhere in the forest by a campfire? Or would he prove my enemy and turn me over to real Indians, who would torture me? I might be stuck full of arrows and left there for the eagles to tear. I had once heard a story that

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But I mustn't think of that!

Oh, what a long, long time since I had left my home! No doubt the folks had forgotten all about their little boy who was on his way to the forest and the wolves and—the—arrows!

And now the sobs, which I had tried to keep back all the weary time since I left home, would come upon me. They seized hold of me and shook me and tore me. I could not get rid of them.

There was no one to wipe my tears, either, no one to kiss or comfort me; and my father and my mother——

The pony stopped! I wondered if we had reached the wolf haunted forest and the deer and Indians.

I looked out. There was a house near and a woman stood in the door holding on high a lantern.

"Father!" she called, "is it you? Have you got him?"

It was my mother and she meant me. I tumbled out of the cart.

"Here I am," I yelled from a joyous throat. "Here I am!" I ran, stumbling, up the path. She snatched me into the house and began hurling questions at me; but I could not make out what she was saying or get one question untangled from another.

I looked about me, expecting to find things changed.

Perhaps there might be a new carpet—very likely the other was all worn out by this time. But all was as I left it, strange as it might seem. Mother wore the same dress she had on when she was cutting out the star cookies. There was the cat peering out from the back of the stove to see what was going on.

I heard mother talking with Frank, the half-breed, and I saw her go to the pantry and bring out a loaf of bread and some of the star cookies and wrap them in a clean cloth and give them to him. He went away, and mother took the dinner horn and blew on it again and again. I stood still in the middle of the room, and felt my heart growing bigger and bigger within me till I thought it would burst like a bubble. It had dawned upon me that I was a Bad Boy.

After a time there came a shouting from far away, and then, later, a halloo near at hand. Mother gave a joyful little tooting on the horn, and then father came running in and caught me up and felt of me, and rubbed his hands over my head. His face looked different than I had ever seen it.

"Mary," he said in a voice I hardly knew for his, "I never hated—*hated*—the sea so. I went down to the wharf and—and——"

He hung his head and I could see his shoulders lifting the way mine did when I cried. Mother came up and stood close to him and he put his arm around her.

That bubble inside of me was surely going to burst! I felt it coming, and ran back of the stove with the cat and buried my face in her fur and she purred over me.

That was the end of my wander day; for presently I was lifted up and carried into the "narrow room," and undressed. But whether it was my father or my mother that put me in bed I cannot now remember. They were both standing in the door together when I fell asleep; and I tried to make out which was which, but my lids would not mind me and stay above my eyes. They fell down, and there was nothing left but a warm sea of tender blackness into which I immediately sank.

The Reading Table

Meditations of a Mariner

A-watchin' how the sea behaves
For hours and hours I sit;
And I know the sea is full o' waves—
I've often noticed it.

For on the deck each starry night
The wild waves and the tame
I counts, and knows 'em all by sight
And some of 'em by name.

And then I thinks a cove like me
Am't got no right to roam;
For I'm homesick when I puts to sea
And seasick when I'm home.

A Wordy Cinch

TWELVE hundred wires are now inclosed in a telephone cable two and one-half inches in diameter. Until recently, 800 was the largest number of wires placed in a single cable. Through one of the new cables words spoken into 600 telephones may flash simultaneously to be heard by the persons at 600 other telephones, each message undisturbed by the hundreds of others with which the wires are alive. The cable looks like a lead pipe intended for carrying water, but should water enter it the cable would at once become worthless. Each of the 1200 wires in the cable is wrapped in paper to secure insulation, but the paper is not the insulating medium. Dry air in the folds of the wrappings and in the paper itself prevents the wandering of words from one wire to another. To counteract various electrical influences that would impede transmission, the wires are twisted and transposed at frequent intervals.

Many processes are necessary in the manufacture of the cable. Among other things, it is thoroughly baked in great ovens that every vestige of moisture may be driven from among the wires. When the lead sheath has been closed it is absolutely air-tight, and, in suspending the cable from poles or drawing it into conduits under the streets, great care must be taken to prevent injury, for a hole no larger than that made by a pin in a piece of paper will admit moisture and make a section of cable worthless. Equal care is necessary when two sections of cable are being joined together. Then the ends of the wires must be exposed to the air, but after the 1200 in one section have been spliced to the 1200 in the other by twisting them together, melted paraffin is poured over the joint to keep out the moisture and a lead sleeve is soldered over the connection.

When telephone cables were first used the largest contained less than 100 wires. Now the companies are using the 1200-wire cables. Insulation was formerly secured by filling the spaces between the wires with paraffin. When dry air was first used as an insulating medium the wires were wound with cotton. Then the cotton was discarded and paper adopted, because it would hold a larger amount of air than the cloth covering.

Even in its present perfected form cable cannot be extensively used in long distance telephoning, for a mile of cable offers as much resistance as twenty-eight miles of uninclosed wire. For this reason long-distance lines are carried around cities to avoid the conduit systems. Underground construction is so costly that it is necessarily confined almost entirely to cities, but telephone cable is excellently adapted to the uses to which it is put, and has been the means of greatly improving telephone service.

If Judge Parker Wins

THE fondness for her home and family is one of the well-known characteristics of Mrs. Mary L. Parker, wife of Chief Judge Alton B. Parker, of the New York Court of Appeals. Mrs. Parker looks after every detail of her household, and every part of her house receives her careful scrutiny each day.

Some time ago, when Judge Parker was first prominently mentioned as a Presidential possibility, a number of Mrs. Parker's friends were discussing with her what a fine thing it would be should the Judge be elected President of the United States. They talked, as women will talk, of receptions and dinners and the many opportunities for beautiful decorations, but they all agreed that Mrs. Parker, should she become mistress of the White House, was fully competent to plan and successfully carry out her ideas for all such occasions, no matter how elaborate they might be.

Mrs. Parker tried to be heard several times but her friends were too busy prospecting the unknown future to listen to her. While they were making general plans for her to execute, Mrs. Parker was thinking of details of dinners and receptions that she may be called to preside over. When the women had exhausted their supply of plans some one asked her what she had intended saying some minutes before.

"I was only thinking," replied Mrs. Parker, "that if all your plans come true I'll never be able to run down to the kitchen after supper to make sure that the maid has turned the teapot upside down."

SOME men have taken advantage of me, ordering cigars and then paying no attention to the conditions of the offer under which they obtained them. That is why I request those ordering to enclose business card or use business letterhead as a means of identifying men who are strangers to me. I fear this has kept many men who have no business connection from trying my cigars. I want every smoker in the land to try them, and feel certain that no reasonable man will find fault with me for requesting him to tell me who he is when he sends an order.

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This is the most liberal offer I know how to make. I cannot please every taste—no man can—but I can and do make good cigars, make them honestly, use nothing but Havana tobacco in the filler, and genuine Sumatra wrapper, tell the truth about them and sell them at a lower margin of profit than anyone else I know of. Moreover, I am asking you to try them at no cost to yourself if you do not like them, and you are letting an opportunity pass every day you let go by without sending me an order, to find out for yourself whether you can get from me a better cigar than you are now smoking for less money.

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LITERARY FOLK

Their Ways and Their Work

ROMANCE—A novel of extraordinary strength, of skill and imaginative intensity.

¶ It is not always true that imitation is the sincerest flattery; in the hands of the injudicious it may be the sharpest sort of criticism No one imitates Apollo, but let there come a Byron, and a whole generation of youth, copying the roll of his collar, takes with it the cut of his beliefs, his grievances, his postures, and from the pieced fragments of exaggeration and absurdity in the imitation slowly the essential imperfections and untruths of the original take shape in our minds. Now, with resemblances it is otherwise. Directly a man lifts his head above the flat level of commonplace he begins to resemble somebody. It is in the nature of the human mind that one act of virtue or of valor should find its counterpart in another; that identities should be established by contrast and comparison; and that we should strive to lay hold on a tradition of noble emulation and achievement. Literary history and critical writing teem with such instances.

Ten years ago, in the English Department of Harvard College they taught Stevenson almost as one would instil a cult; and, indeed, it was difficult to resist the fascination of that bright figure—

> The stainless, gallant gentleman
> So glad of life he gave to trace
> No hint he could or would behold
> The spectre peering in his face

Yet the strength of Stevenson, as it begins now to appear to us from the weaknesses of his imitators, was not the strength of a strong man speaking out of the abundance of his power—it had not that large unconcern of self, and tolerant pity of lesser things—but the bright glow of an eager worship of the things that were beautiful to him before all else. Swiftness, ease, and that certain-seeming correspondence of desire and effect that is the godlike attribute of strength

Since then we have been fairly drenched—no, drowned—in a torrent, a flood, of Stevenson and water; and, sneezing and shaking, we have cursed the day he was born. It is well that he is beyond hearing, for where Stevenson is now he is secure. We had our revulsion from Byron, and we are in for it now from Stevenson. Yet he will come surely to his own, as Byron came to his—

> And portly Ben will smile to see
> The velvet jacket at the door

Those qualities in Stevenson that were not the brave and pitiful accidents of his life, but the pure essence of the artist, are immortal and belong to all the race of romantics who shall succeed him. Already they find embodiment in a novel of astonishing brilliancy, Romance *(McClure, Phillips & Co.)*, by Joseph Conrad and Ford Maddox Hueffer, who, by the way, is a friend and neighbor with whom once before Mr. Conrad collaborated in The Inheritors. This is another of those instances not of imitation but of resemblance, almost of reincarnation. There is the same sorcerer's use of the graphic detail, a trick of seeing the character, as it were, from the outside in, so setting him in one burning instant before you that as you saw him then so he appears to you always thereafter. It is the direct reverse of the older method of the dramatists, by which the outer circumstance of the man builds slowly up before the eye from his inner stuff. With Mr. Conrad, as with Stevenson, it is the accidents of externality that rule. The man does not seem what he is: he is and must be what he seems. And so it should be, for that matter, with a story of adventure, which is concerned with realizing situations, not character. Withal there is the same whimsical humor, the same vivid visualization, almost like the photographic effects given us by the instantaneous shutter. Take this description by a man climbing a hill in a midnight thunderstorm of his guide

> He was being disclosed to us so suddenly, extinguished so swiftly that he appeared always as if motionless and posturing in a variety of climbing attitudes

Could anything be more cinematographic? Yet there are passages of greater length—the two descriptions, for instance, where Castro does his death dance—that are so intense they have the effect of magic, of evocations. Nor does the style lapse, nor does the story lag. The mobile, courageous use of language is a delight and a surprise at every change of situation. One might be apprised in advance of every turn of the narrative and still find the keenest pleasure in the way the author unfolds it. And if it has been said some thousands of times before that "the book cannot be laid aside until it has had a reading," why, the truth in this instance will bear repeating

In the end what does this John a-Dreams who goes a-venturing come to? He comes by suffering and dishonor—through no fault of his—to what he sought; but he finds it changed in his hands. He finds that "the search of romance is much like trying to catch the horizon. It lies a little distance before us, and a little distance behind—about as far as the eye can carry. One discovers that one has passed through it just as one passed what is to-day our horizon. One looks back and says, 'Why, there it is.' One looks forward and says the same. It lies either in the old days where we used to, or in the new where we shall

¶ **MINOR MENTION: A quick ear** for rhythm and a rollicking sense of humor are no two bad ingredients in a recipe for a book of ballads, such as Holman F. Day gives us in Kin O'Ktaadn *(Small, Maynard & Co.)*. The verses are in "down East" dialect—not machine-made for the market, but dialect that shows sensitiveness to values and to picturesque effects of language; they range from pathos to broad farce, and they cover every possible aspect of country life in Maine, from corner gossip to deep-sea fishing and the logging camps. Not all are equal in quality—the humor is better than the pathos—but the best could hardly be bettered.

Despite the popularity of the magazines, which rely largely for their fiction on short stories, the publishers find that collections of short stories have comparatively small sales Such excellent *genre* work as Joseph C. Lincoln, for instance, has been doing for some years in his short stories and homely verse of Cape Cod has not hitherto brought him the name that he is rapidly making for himself now that his novel, Cap'n Eri *(A. S. Barnes & Co.)*, is bringing him to the acquaintance of a larger public. The characters are again of the Cape Cod that Mr. Lincoln knows so well and that lends itself so happily to his genial, fireside story-teller's methods. There is plenty of comedy in the adventures of the three old shippers who tire of bachelors' hall and decide to draw lots to see which of them shall marry for the common good; but the hard New England sense and shrewd good humor of Cap'n Eri himself, the neighborhood of the sea, the preoccupations of younger folk and the actualities of a small village, give the book a wider scope than would at first appear from the opening chapters.

There is nothing intense about Mr. Lincoln's ambitions, but the homely qualities he strives for he succeeds in no small measure in realizing

¶ We commend to all lovers of unconscious humor The Last Days of Lincoln, and Lyrical Sketches, by John Irving Pearce, Junior *(Laird & Lee, Chicago)*, and more particularly the illustration facing page 156, to these melting lines

> The farmer's wife with sparkling eye
> Prepares the succulent apple pie.

Eugene Field, of the Primer, should be here to moralize on this humble tragedy of rural life. Thus: Note the face of doom with which the farmer's wife brings in the pie Of what does it most remind you? Salome and her charger. See the mild resignation in the farmer's eye. See the silent anguish of his clenched hands. See the rolling-pin within easy reach. Will the farmer eat the pie? Yes; the rolling-pin is within easy reach.

There are five pages of Lincoln and one hundred and fifty pages of sketches. One hesitates where to quote. They say that literature is a confession. Nordau would have pounced on such a line as

> the dumb clay of this sad minstrel

in support of his theory, but, for our part, we prefer to agree with the author that

> 'Twere vain a moral to attempt
> To patch the misery of my strain.

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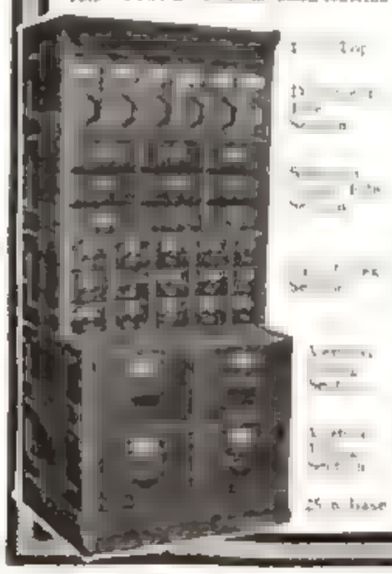

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The Pennsylvania System

(Concluded from Page 7)

them on the water-line of that city, or should it cross the Hudson River by bridge or tunnel and convey them to the centre of Manhattan Island? The concensus of opinion was that the Pennsylvania road must ultimately land its passengers at New York, and without unnecessary ado it is making its Hudson River extension by tunnels

From freight alone in one year these Pennsylvania main-line earnings exceeded $116,000 a mile, and the total earnings amounted to $150,000 a mile. The present management has been compelled to build what is, in effect, a duplicate Pennsylvania road over the Alleghanies. Here, again, certain postulates come into the reckoning. If you are to undertake four-tracking in a mountainous country you must be at least sure that your railroad is in its final resting place: the cost of shifting such an alignment afterward would bankrupt a kingdom. All grades then left and all curvature must endure time apart. To handle this enormous freight traffic double-tracked and low-grade lines have everywhere been built around congested terminals. The big "Trenton cut-off," branching from the New York division at Trenton with a double low-grade track, strikes westward, leaving Philadelphia out of its course. Twenty-five miles west of Philadelphia it unites like a traffic river with the main line. Again and again this is done; at Pittsburg, at Altoona, these lines are skillfully run completely around overloaded yards Opposite Harrisburg the west bank of the Susquehanna has been preëmpted and a new Pennsylvania road is being built with a double-track, stone-arch bridge all its own, near Columbia; and from the crest of the Alleghanies it will soon be possible for the Pennsylvania Company to send freight to tidewater against grades nowhere heavier than sixteen feet to the mile. Near Harrisburg, Pennsylvania Railroad engineering has built to itself a monument that will last with the monuments of time. At Rockville, just above the capital city, they have thrown across the Susquehanna a four track bridge of monolithic stone, seven-eighths of a mile long and stepped in graceful arches as enduring as the mountains that look down on the beautiful river. Bridges, like men, have their tables of mortality; but in the expectancy of life accorded to American bridges here is a structure to which no limit of years may be assigned: it has been built to last forever.

At Petersburg, up the Blue Juniata, the line forks again, and a new double-track road has been built along the route of the early State public works. It follows the old canal to Hollidaysburg and the "Portage" Railroad up the eastern slope of the Alleghanies, flowing, so to say, into the main line again at Gallitzin, where a group of double-track and single-track tunnels take the lines across the Alleghany divide

From Gallitzin to Pittsburg, down the west slope of the Alleghanies, the original location was considered bold, but the four-tracking has involved work that is gigantic. Where the Conemaugh River bursts through Chestnut Ridge it has cut an exquisite defile known as the Packsaddle. Narrow and forbidding to the construction engineer, the Packsaddle stands like a defiance flung by the mountains. Here the Pennsylvania contractors have gone in with drills and giant powder, and with thousands of men they have literally torn from the cheek of the mountain a shelf wide enough to carry two new running tracks Before entering Packsaddle, at Bolivar, the lines fork, the low-grade "West Pennsylvania" tracks following the river through Packsaddle to Pittsburg, while the main line, with its four tracks, rises through Packsaddle, and, running across country, strikes the Monongahela River near Braddock's Fields. The traveler then realizes what the Pennsylvania and its engineers have accomplished. Where Nature conflicts with the railroad operations it has been conquered; yet while riding upon a road without a superior in any country the wildest scenery still surrounds him. However, unparalleled engineering feats are not the greatest chapter in present day Pennsylvania management.

When Mr. Cassatt assumed executive control of the Pennsylvania system he found freight rates from end to end of the United States steeped in discrimination. By traffic managers the last pretense of justice in the sale of freight transportation had been abandoned, and Mr. Cassatt, coming in as president of the Pennsylvania, found railroads under the club of the big shippers. The instrument of this rate discrimination has always been the secret rebate: the upbuilding of one shipper's fortunes at the expense of another, the curse of traffic management and the most trying problem in railroad affairs. It has been preached upon, inveighed against and legislated against, all quite in vain. Like a robber baron of the Rhine, the American industrial baron has long laid under tribute the transportation lines of America; the big buyer of transportation has taken the American road by the throat and forced it to deliver. To make the situation more cheerful, the railroad has been held by orators and jurists as responsible for the demoralized situation and as the upbuilder of the trust.

Though railroads have been parties to secret rebates it would be difficult to show that they have always been willing parties. Escape from a situation confessedly intolerable had been sought for years; but escape seemed impossible. The big shipper dictated his terms, and the small shipper and the railroad paid the bills. Congress passed laws of no avail. The courts of the United States had been repeatedly appealed to, but while conditions grew steadily worse they sat with folded arms behind the broad conclusion that transportation was a private commodity which might be sold to one man at one price and to his neighbor at another price.

It has been denied that such is the case, but there are facts that put clearly on record the attitude of American courts during this period of transportation anarchism. In 1879, Mr. Cassatt, then vice-president of the Pennsylvania Railroad in charge of traffic, testified in the equity suits brought by the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, known as the Standard Oil Inquiries. He told the court, without evasion or reservation, the exact relations between the Standard Oil Company and the Pennsylvania road, and his testimony thus became an official record, subject to the use of every Pennsylvania shipper who might seek in court to recover excessive freight charges made upon his particular shipments. Must it not be inferred that if the attitude of American courts had promised relief to the small shipper the Pennsylvania road, with Mr Cassatt's testimony on record, would have been deluged with suits to recover excessive charges? But were any such suits brought? Not one. Counsel understood too well the hopelessness of a legal appeal to advise any client to proceed against a railroad on the ground of unjust discrimination

Twenty years later, Mr. Cassatt, drawn, against his strong personal inclination, out of his retirement, was elected to the presidency of the Pennsylvania Railroad system; but whoever else had forgotten Standard Oil and 1879, Mr. Cassatt had not forgotten. He determined that rate discrimination should cease; and to the task of putting it down he and his associates addressed themselves.

It was the community of interest plan evolved by Mr. Cassatt that did away with secret freight rates and rebates. To accomplish this, the Pennsylvania, acting with other heavy owners in the railroad field, acquired large interests in the weaker roads, until with cooperation, courage and patience the trunk lines, one and all, were brought into a phalanx against the common enemy

Out of a rate situation so disastrous and forbidding it will hardly be believed that any good could have come; yet one signal good has come. In reducing the income of American roads, low rates have forced operating departments to exhaust their ingenuity in railroad economies. With the income painfully curtailed, every conceivable retrenchment has been found necessary until saving has become in American railroading a science. In operation it has put the American road ahead of all others in the world, although a comparison with English roads will show that everything the American road buys costs more than the English road pays. A single exception may be thought to occur in the matter of coal. Undoubtedly the Pennsylvania road has cheaper coal than its English cousins, but the American roads, as a whole, have coal as high in cost as the British. To reflect that our grain to-day is moved at a rate of two mills and a half per ton-mile, that a ton is hauled forty miles for ten cents, is to force the conviction that traffic rate demoralization has, after all, brought some compensation. Without this experience American roads might to-day be on a level in operative cost with English roads, doing a much smaller business, and not affording our country that industrial advance to which low rates have contributed so much.

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[illegible]

[illegible] life, [illegible] was [illegible] blighted. It mattered very little what became of him; personally, he didn't care in the least. But as for that fair, false, fickle woman—perish the thought! Sooner a thousand deaths! No, he would go to Paris and become a painter of world wide reputation; the money his father had left him would easily suffice for his simple wants. And some day, the observed of all observers, in some bright hall of gayety, he would pass her coldly by, with a cynical smile on his lips, and she would grow pale and totter and fall into the arms of the bloated Silenus for whose title she had bartered her purely superficial charms

Yes, upon mature deliberation, that was precisely what Billy decided to do

Followed dark days at Selwoode. Frederick R. Woods told Margaret of what had occurred; and he added the information that, as his wife's nearest relative, he intended to make her his heir

Then Margaret did what I should scarcely have expected of Margaret. She turned upon him like a virago and told Mr. Frederick R. Woods precisely what she thought of him she acquainted him with the fact that he was a sordid, low-minded, grasping beast, and a miser and a tyrant, and, I think, a parricide; she notified him that he was thoroughly unworthy to wipe the dust off his nephew's shoes—an office toward which, to do him justice, he had never shown any marked aspirations—and that Billy had acted throughout in a most noble and sensible manner, and that, personally, she wouldn't marry Billy Woods if he were the last man on earth, for she had always despised him and she added the information that she expected to die shortly and she hoped they would both be sorry *then*; and subsequently she capped the climax by throwing her arms about his neck and bursting into tears and telling him he was the dearest old man in the world, and that she was thoroughly ashamed of herself

So they kissed and made it up And after a little the Colonel and Margaret went away from Selwoode, and Frederick R Woods was left alone to nourish his anger and indignation, if he could, and to hunger for his boy, whether he would or not. He was too proud to seek him out; indeed, he never thought of that; and so he waited alone in his fine house, sick at heart, impotent, hoping against hope that the boy would come back. The boy never came.

No, the boy never came, because he was what the old man had made him—headstrong and willful and obstinate. Billy had been thoroughly spoiled. The old man had nurtured his pride, had applauded it as a mark of proper spirit; and now it was this same pride that had robbed him of the one thing he loved in all the world

So, at last, the weak point in the armor of this sturdy old Pharisee was found, and Fate had pierced it gayly. It was retribution, if you will; and I think that none of his victims in "the Street," none of the countless widows and orphans that he had made, suffered more bitterly than he in those last days.

* * *

It was almost two years after Billy's departure from Selwoode that his body-servant, coming to rouse Frederick R. Woods one June morning, found him dead in his rooms. He had been ailing for some time. It was his heart, the doctors said; and I think that it was, though not precisely in the sense they meant

The man found him seated before his great carved desk, on which his head and shoulders had fallen forward; they rested on a sheet of legal cap paper half-covered with a calculation in his crabbed old hand as to the value of certain properties—the calculation which he never finished; and underneath was a mass of miscellaneous papers, among them his will, dated the day after Billy left Selwoode, in which Frederick R. Woods bequeathed his millions unconditionally to Margaret Hugonin when she should come of age

Her twenty-first birthday had fallen in the preceding month. So Margaret was one of the richest women in America; and you may depend upon it, that if many men had loved her before they worshiped her now—or, at least, said they did, and, after all, their protestations were the only means she had of judging. She might have been a countess—and it must be owned that the old Colonel, who had an honest Anglo-Saxon reverence [illegible] and she might have married any number of grammarless gentlemen, personally unknown to her, whose fervent proposals almost every mail brought in, and besides these, there were many others, more orthodox in their wooing, some of whom were genuinely in love with Margaret Hugonin, and [illegible] I grieve to admit it—who were genuinely in love with her money: and she would have none of them

She refused them all with the utmost civility, as I happen to know. How I learned it is no affair of yours

For Miss Hugonin had remarkably keen eyes, which she used to advantage. In the world about her they discovered very little that she could admire. She was none the happier for her wealth; the piled-up millions overshadowed her personality; and it was not long before she knew that most people regarded her simply as the heiress of the Woods fortune—an unavoidable incumbrance attached to the property, which divers thrifty minded gentlemen were willing to put up with. To put up with! At the thought her pride rose in a hot blush, and, it must be confessed, she sought consolation in the looking-glass

She was a humble-minded young woman as the sex goes, and she saw no great reason there why a man should go mad over Margaret Hugonin. This decision, I grant you, was preposterous, for there were any number of reasons. Her final conclusion, however, was for the future to regard all men as fortune hunters, and to do her hair differently

She carried out both resolutions. When a gentleman grew pressing in his attentions she more than suspected his motives; and when she eventually declined him it was done with perfect courtesy, but the glow of her eyes was at such times accentuated to a marked degree.

Meanwhile, the Eagle brooded undisturbed at Selwoode. Miss Hugonin would allow nothing to be altered.

"The place doesn't belong to me, attractive," she would tell her father. "I belong to the place—Yes, I do—I'm exactly like a little cow thrown in with a little farm when they sell it, and *all* my little suitors 'back' me and they are very willing to take me on those terms, too. But they sha'n't, attractive. I hate every single solitary man in the whole wide world but you, beautiful, and I particularly hate that horrid old Eagle, but we'll keep him because he's a constant reminder to me that Solomon or Moses, or whoever it was that said all men were liars, was a person of *very* great intelligence."

So that I think we may fairly say the money did her no good.

If it benefited no one else it was not Margaret's fault. She had a high sense of her responsibilities, and therefore, at various times, endeavored to further the spread of philanthropy, and literature, and theosophy, and art, and temperance, and education, and other laudable causes. Mr. Kennaston, in his laughing manner, was wont to jest at her varied enterprises and term her Lady Bountiful; but, then, Mr. Kennaston had no real conception of the proper uses of money. In fact, he never thought of money. He admitted this to Margaret with a whimsical sigh

Margaret grew very fond of Mr. Kennaston because he was not mercenary

Mr. Kennaston was much at Selwoode.

Many people came and gossiped of great causes and furthered the millennium. And above them the Eagle brooded in silence.

And Billy? All this time Billy was junketing abroad, where, every year, he painted masterpieces for the Salon, which—on account of a nefarious conspiracy among certain artists jealous of his superior merits—were invariably refused

* * *

Now Billy is back again in America, and the Colonel has insisted that he come to Selwoode, and Margaret is waiting for him in the dog-cart. The glow of her eyes is very, very bright. Her father's careless words this morning, coupled with certain speeches of Mr. Kennaston's last night, have given her food for reflection

"He wouldn't dare," says Margaret to no one in particular. "Oh, no, he wouldn't dare after what happened four years ago."

And, Margaret-like, she has quite forgotten that what happened four years ago was all caused by her having flirted outrageously with Teddy Anstruther, in order to see what Billy would do

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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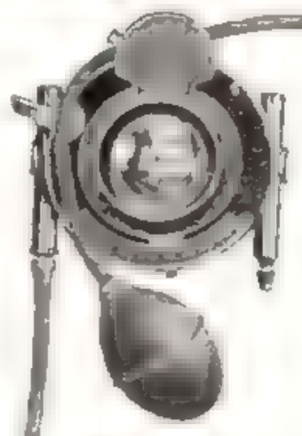

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A NIGHT'S ENCHANTMENT

(Concluded from Page 5)

"Nebulously. You are trying to say something nice."

"We are getting on capitally. When I left the club to-night the wildest stretch of fancy would not have placed me here beside you."

"Yes," irrelevantly, "most of us are mad. Everything is so monotonous."

"To-night?"

"Well, not to-night."

"You have not yet asked me who I am."

"Then you are somebody?" drolly. She contemplated me, speculatively as it were.

I laughed. This was the most amusing and enchanting adventure I had ever had the luck to fall into. "The world thinks so," I replied to her question.

"The world? What world?"

"My world . . . and a part of yours."

"Are you one of those men who accomplish something besides novel dinners?"

"So I am led to believe."

"In what way?"

"Ah, but that is a secret."

She shrugged. Evidently she was incredulous. "Are you an actor?" suddenly recollecting where she had picked me up.

"Only in 'All the world's a stage,'" I said, smiling.

"I will ask you: Will you do me the honor of telling me who you are?"

"My self-respect denies me that pleasure."

"Fiddlesticks!" This was very human.

"Is it possible that I am interesting you?" —surprised.

"You are a clever man, whoever and whatever you are. Where did you learn to read a woman so readily? Who told you that when you confront a woman with a mystery you trap her interest along with her curiosity? Yes, you are clever. If you told me your name and your occupation I dare say that I should straightway become bored."

"Truth still shivers on the well's edge."

She nibbled the rose-leaves.

"Does your interest in episodes like to-night always die so suddenly?" nodding toward the others, who had long since ceased to pay me any particular attention.

"Nearly always."

"Very well; since they have forgotten us let us forget them." I leaned toward her, and my voice was not so steady as it should have been. "In what manner would it benefit me to tell you my name and what my occupation in the great world are? Would it put me on the list of your acquaintance?"

She eyed me thoughtfully. "That depends."

"Upon what?"

"Whether you were worth knowing. I addressed other gentlemen in front of your club. They politely told me that I had made a mistake."

"They were old or married."

"That wasn't it."

"Then they didn't see you in the light, as I did."

"What difference would that have made?"

"All the difference in the world. But you have tabooed flattery. I see that I should have been a barber, a mild lunatic, or a detective."

"You would have been easier to dispose of."

I directed my gaze toward the door, and she surrendered a smile.

"You might be worth knowing," musingly.

"I promise to be."

"I shall give it thought. I should never forgive myself if I were the indirect cause of your joining this carnival of fools."

"I see that I shall last longer in your thoughts as the Unknown."

"Eat," she commanded.

"I am not hungry; I have dined."

"Drink, then."

"I am not thirsty."

She took my glass and poured the contents into hers, then handed it to me. "Now!" she said.

"Why?"

"You make me think of Monte Cristo: what terrible revenge are you going to take?"

"It will be upon myself: that of never forgetting you."

"One single sip!"

I accepted the glass and took one sip. "Now I have lost what I desired to retain: my respect. So long as I touched nothing at this table I held the advantage. My name is ——"

She put her hands over her ears. "Don't!"

"Very well: the woman tempted me."

"Haven't you a better epigram?"

"Perhaps I am saving them."

"For what?"

"Who knows that I am not writing a play?"

"I live here; a card will find me on Thursdays after four."

"I will come Wednesdays, thereby saving you the trouble."

"That is not wit; it is rudeness. Do not come either Thursdays or Wednesdays."

"How shall you know who it is?"

"Trust a woman."

"Ah, here comes the butler with the liqueurs. I am glad. Presently I should be making love to you; now I am about to be free."

"Are you quite sure?" with a penetrating glance. I believe she knew the power of her beauty.

"Well, I shall be free to go home where I belong," compromising.

And I rose. Perhaps the drolliest episode of the dinner took place as I started for the door.

"Ever heard of Starlight?" cried Uncle Daniel down the room. "No? Well, she's down on the winter books at fifty to one. Stack your money on her now; it's a hunch."

"Thank you," said I. I did not have the courage to ask him what a "hunch" was.

"Good-night," said I to the girl, bowing.

"Good-night," smiling.

I wonder if she knew that I had stolen the rose? On the way home my mind returned to my play. Had the fourth act gone off as smoothly as the others?

What a girl for a man!

. . . . . .

The curtain fell on the first act, and the thrilling sound of beating hands came to me dimly.

"They are calling for you," said Shaw excitedly.

"What am I to do?" nervously.

"What? Haven't you thought out something to say?" disgustedly.

"Nary a word."

"Well, just lead out Miss Blank and bow. You're not an old hand, so they will let you off without a speech."

So I led the young woman who had helped to make me famous to the footlights, and bowed. I do not know what caused me to glance up toward the left upper proscenium, but I did so . . . and felt my heart stop and then throb violently. It was Miss Berkeley. Heaven only knows how long I should have stared at her but for the warning pressure of the actress' hand over mine. We disappeared behind the curtain. I was confused by so many emotions.

While the hands were shifting about the next "set" a boy from the front handed me the crumpled margin of the program. I unfolded it and read: "Will 'Mr. Anonymous' do Miss Berkeley the honor of visiting her box?"

"Mr. Anonymous" presented himself forthwith. Miss Berkeley was with an elderly woman, who proved to be her grandaunt. I was introduced.

"Aunty, this is the gentleman I told you about. Isn't it terrible?"

"Terrible? I should call it wholly enchanting. Sir, you will pardon the child for her wildness. My nephew doesn't know so much as his celebrated horses. Now, go ahead and talk while I look over the audience."

If only all elderly ladies were as thoughtful!

"And I have read your books; I have witnessed your play!" Miss Berkeley said.

"Thursday, after four?"

"No. Everybody calls then. Come Wednesday."

"I have a confession to make," said I. "You dropped a rose on the floor last night. I stole it. Must I return it to you?"

"I never do anything without a purpose," was all she said.

So I kept the rose.

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HURRICANE ISLAND

(Continued from Page 13)

"Stand, or I fire!" I said, leveling my weapon.

He looked uncertainly round for his companions. Two or three joined him, and, encouraged by this accession to the force, he said jeeringly:

"Put that down, or it will be the worse for you. We've had enough of you. And now we've got you in a mucky hole."

"That remains to be seen," said I calmly, for I noticed that they did not seem to be supplied with weapons. I could see others climbing up below, and among them Holgate. A little lull fell on the scene. It was as if fate hung undecided, not certain whether the scales should go down on this side or that. I stood facing the group of dismayed and angry ruffians, and, without turning my head, was aware of some one running behind me. I do not think I gave this a single thought, so preoccupied was I with the situation in front. The group was enlarged by arrivals, and one of these, stumbling, uttered an oath.

"Shoot him, d——n him," he said, and himself lifted a pistol at me.

I raised mine also, and a second and a third were now leveled at me. The scales were against me, but even as this flashed across my mind a report sounded behind me, and the drunken creature fell. I glanced about, and there was Legrand, with his steady hand and flaming eye. My heart thrilled. A shout of fury went up in front. "Shoot them—shoot them." And the barrels directed at us seemed to be suddenly many.

Holgate had come to a pause on the outer edge of the group and was observing the scene with interest. He made no movement. Death touched us with the breath of his passage.

An arm was flung sharply about me. "If you die I die, too," cried a voice—a voice, ah, so well remembered and so dear. Ah, Heavens! . . . Was it Alix?

A pistol barked, and I swerved, almost losing my feet. If we must die we should die hard. I fired, and one of the mutineers uttered an exclamation.

"Stay there," called Holgate. "Easy, men. Don't let's kill the goose that lays the golden eggs. Let's have a few questions answered."

"Dent's down, curse them," sang out one.

"Well, there'll be all the more for those that are left," said Holgate, easily steering his way through the knot.

A faint laugh followed on this, but I think even the mutineers, brutal as they were, were aghast at this revolting cynicism.

"Let's have a parley first," said Holgate, now in the forefront of the gang. "Business first—pleasure afterward. Now, Doctor, out with it. Where's that treasure?"

"I have told you," said I, "that the Prince removed it."

Alix's arms were about me still. I was dazed.

"Obstinate mule!" said Holgate with a grin. "See that, boys; I've given 'em every chance. Let her go."

In response to his command revolvers were raised. It marked the end, the fall of the curtain on that long tragedy. Alix's arms were about me, and suddenly my brain cleared. I saw as sharply and as definitely as if I had been aloof and unconcerned in that disturbing crisis.

"Stop, men," said I. "I have one thing to say before we go further—two things. You shall hear about the treasure."

There was a pause. Holgate turned his black, incurious eyes on me, as if he wondered.

"I will tell you where the treasure is if you will allow me to give you the history of a transaction," I said. My mind was quick; my nerve was cool. There was a chance to be had in delay, and I stood there to lie.

"Spit it out," said one of the men encouragingly. "The funeral will wait."

"Men, you've been taken in by that scoundrel there, your leader," I said, pointing at Holgate. "He's fooled you all through. Ask him about the treasure; ask him!"

The eyes of all went round to Holgate, who stood without a sign of discomposure.

"Well, are you going to let 'em go?" was all he said. Once again the interest of the group returned to me, but I was fighting hard for—Alix.

"Who was it planned this mutiny and the seizing of the treasure?" I cried. "Why, Holgate, you know well—Holgate and Pye. And who brought about the rising? Holgate again. Why didn't you push through and get hold of the treasure at the first? I suppose you were told it was too difficult. Well, it would have been difficult, but that wasn't the reason. It was because this man had got his accomplice aft, stealing the treasure against your coming. And so when you came, where was it? Gone! Look here, men, I swear to you I saw this man and Pye gloating over the treasure they had removed before your coming. Oh, he's a cunning devil, is Holgate, and he's tricked you."

There were some murmurs among the mutineers, who looked dubiously at their master, and Gray spoke.

"That's all very well, but how are we to know it's not mere bluff. You're putting up a bluff on us."

Holgate still stood there with his unpleasing smile, and he answered nothing. It was the truth I had spoken, but now I was to bluff.

"Well, I will prove my words," said I. "You asked me where the treasure is, and I'll tell you. It was removed from Holgate's hiding-place by me and hidden in Pye's cabin, and afterward the Prince and I removed it again and concealed it."

"Where! Where!" shouted several voices; but Holgate did not budge or speak.

"Why, in its proper place, to be sure," said I. "In the strong-room, where it should be. I suppose none of you thought of that. You're too clever for that, Gray."

"By——!" cried Gray suddenly.

But at the moment I was startled by a change in Holgate. I had fired a barrel at random, and now he shot on me a diabolical glance. His eyes gleamed like creatures about to leap from cover, his lips in a snarl revealed his teeth. A flash of inspiration came to me, and I knew then for certain that wherever the Prince had concealed the treasure, it was now lying in the very place I had named in the presence of all those ruffians. Holgate cast a swift glance from left to right.

"What's he take us for?" he said in a hoarse, fat voice, in which rage burned and trembled. "Who's he stuffing with these fairy tales?"

Gray, his lips moving, stared at him. "Anyway, it's worth trying," he said. "You've had your shot. I'll have mine."

"He's fooling you," called out Holgate furiously; but already two or three of the mutineers had started down the ravine, and the others turned. Excitement seized upon them, as it had been a panic.

And then suddenly a cry arose: "Look! look!"

The sun was gone, but the beautiful twilight lingered, serene and gracious, and in that clear light we could descry the form of the Sea Queen forging slowly out to sea.

"She's floated off! She came off on the high tide!" cried Gray; and instantly there was a stampede from the hillside toward the beach. Pell-mell the mutineers tumbled down over bush and brier at a breakneck speed to reach the boat that tossed idly on the water to its moorings.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

A Picket-Fence Poet

W. J. LAMPTON, the veteran newspaper man, spent a long time in Kentucky and then went to New York, the journey consuming several years by reason of time spent in Washington. Mr. Lampton is the inventor of the "yawp," a tall, short-lined, hit-or-miss-rhyme poem which somebody has said resembles "ten rods of picket-fence stood up on end."

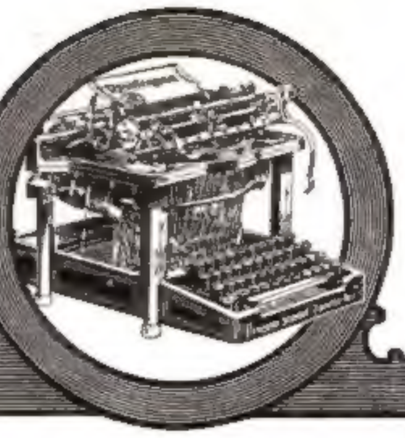
Coming downtown in an elevated car recently Mr. Lampton gathered some interesting facts about himself from overhearing a short colloquy between a young man and a young woman in the next seat.

"Who is it writes these funny-looking poems?" asked the girl, pointing to a "yawp" in the paper she had been reading.

"Oh, a fellow named Lampman," replied her companion in an easy manner which showed that he wished to be considered "up" in literary matters.

"Is that all he does?" continued the girl.

"Oh, no," returned her companion airily. "No, his real business is writing college yells. All the leading colleges get their yells from him. Clever fellow, I think."



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